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The Premiums, which are moderate, may be paid Yearly, Half-yearly, or Quarterly. And payments may be made to cease altogether after three, five, ten, or any other number of years, by paying a small advance during the early stage of the Assurance.

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Office, 57, Moorgate-street, City, October, 1839.

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Advantages of this Association.
An ample subscribed capital.
Assurers admitted to the same rights as the Shareholders.
Four-fifths of the profits divided every five years.

Advances made to the assured, on giving security for future premiums and interest.
An important and peculiar feature in this Association is, that the assurers may reside in any part of the globe, either by paying an extra premium, or, at their option, by an arrangement for a stipulated deduction from the sum assured in case of death abroad, but for Europe, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, or the British possessions in North America, no extra premium or deduction is incurred. Premiums may be paid quarterly, half-yearly, or annually.
Policies may be made payable on the Assured attaining any given age, such as 50, 60, or 65, or on death previously.

ANNUITY BRANCH.
In addition to the following advantageous scale of rates, four-fifths of the profits are divided among the annuitants every three years by way of bonus.

Table exhibiting the Rates of Annuities payable Half-yearly.

Age	Ann.	Age	Ann.	Age	Ann.	Age	Ann.
21	£ 5 0 9	35	£ 5 16 1	50	£ 7 10 6	65	£ 10 17 4
25	£ 5 4 6	40	£ 6 3 9	55	£ 8 4 8	70	£ 13 1 0
30	£ 5 9 11	45	£ 6 14 1	60	£ 9 6 4	80	£ 22 9 0

SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND and LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Founded A.D. 1815, on the original basis of THE LONDON EQUITABLE.

HEAD OFFICE, No. 5, ST. ANDREW-SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

Present Accumulated Fund upwards of 845,000l.
Annual Revenue upwards of 150,000l.
Whole Profit belongs to the Assured. Divisible every Seven Years.

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The Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery.

Vice-Presidents.
Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart.
The Hon. Lord Moncreiff.

General.
The Right Hon. Lord Francis Ker.

(All of whom, as well as the Directors, Ordinary and Extraordinary, are personally acquainted with the Society by Assurance of more than three years standing.)

The Surplus Profits ascertained at 31st December last were sufficient to secure:

1. A Retrospective Bonus of Two per cent. per annum, or 14 per cent. for the Septennial Period, not only on the original sum assured, but likewise on the Bonus additions previously declared.

2. A Contingent Prospective Bonus of Two per cent. per annum, to be paid from and after 31st December last, on all Policies of five years' standing that may emerge before 31st December, 1845, when the next investigation, and consequent Declaration of Bonus, takes place.

The Directors are authorized, by a by-law of the Society, passed in 1827, to grant Loans to reduce the present Annual Policy (without any expense except the Stamp for a Promissory Note), to the extent of nine-tenths of their calculated value at the time. They are likewise empowered to a sum of Members to commute their Bonus-Additions; i.e. to have their Bonus applied towards reduction of their future Annual Premiums.

Thus, for example:
A, in the year 1820, being then 40 years of age, insured his life for 3000l., paying an annual Premium of.....£38 5 0

He is now 50 years of age, and has an actually vested Bonus of Addition, declared and attached to his Policy, of 1035l. 12s., which, with the 3000l., the original sum assured, shows the full amount of the sum presently contained in the Policy to be.....£4035 12s. 0

Were A to die in 1845, after payment of his premium for that year, the sum payable under the Policy would be.....£4600 11 8

Or, if it were an object to him to reduce his present Annual Contribution, he might, by giving up his Bonus, reduce his future premium from 38s. 5d. to.....£30 1 1

Or, if he preferred receiving immediately the present value of his Bonus, he would by surrendering it, be entitled to a sum of.....£2635 12s. 0

If he were desirous at present of having a loan on his Policy, he might borrow to the extent of.....£1400 12s. 0

The above example will probably be admitted to be perfectly sufficient to show, in a practical point of view, the great benefits to be derived by parties insuring with this Office.

The Directors are at all times ready to entertain proposals for Loans, either on Redeemable Annuity, or on first Heritable Security. Every information on this or any other subject connected with the Society, may be obtained on application, if by letter, post paid, to the Head Office in Edinburgh, or to any of the Society's Agencies. JOHN MACKENZIE, Manager.

N.B. Tables of Rates and Forms of Proposals to meet any particular contingency or effect any specific object, will be transmitted to parties desirous of obtaining them; and all official communications of this nature are considered as strictly confidential.

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Charles Baldwin, Esq. Benjamin Lancaster, Esq.
James Cockburn, Esq. Thomas Neshitt, Esq.
Bryan Donkin, Esq. Major-General Robertson.
Aaron Goldsmid, Esq. Daniel Sutton, jun. Esq.
O.B. Bellingham Woolsey, Esq. Solicitors—Messrs. Lake & Curtis.

As low Rates of Premium as are consistent with security, which may be paid annually, half-yearly, or quarterly.
The whole of the Profits equally divided between the Assured and the Shareholders. Claims payable in two months after death.

Loans may be effected by parties Assured with this Company. WILLIAM KATHAY, Actuary and Secretary.

ARGUS LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 32, THROGMORTON STREET, BANK, LONDON.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.
The following are among the Advantages of this Company:—

1. A large subscribed Capital, with a rapidly accumulating Premium Fund invested in Government and other available Securities.
 2. Charging the lowest rate of premium for the sum assured, thereby in effect giving to every policyholder a fixed and certain Bonus without any risk.
 3. Assurances effected upon lives up to the age of 80.
 4. Premiums payable Half-yearly or Quarterly.
 5. Advances made on Policies when their value exceeds 500l.
 6. The Policies of this Office are purchased by the Company.
 7. Tables upon an increasing and decreasing scale of discount.
- In Assurances for advances of money, as security for debts, or when the least present outlay is desirable, the tables and rates of the Argus Office are peculiarly calculated to meet the interests of all classes of assurers.

ANNUAL PREMIUM TO ASSURE 1000l.

Age.	For 5 Years.	For 7 Years.	Term of Life.
25	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
30	1 0 10	1 0 7	1 15 1
35	1 1 10	1 1 2	1 19 10
40	1 3 4	1 3 8	2 5 10
45	1 5 7	1 6 2	2 13 9

A Board of Directors, with the Medical Officers, attend daily. Commission to Solicitors and Agents.
EDWARD BATES, Resident Director.

BRITANNIA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, No. 1, PRINCES-STREET, BANK, LONDON.

Capital ONE MILLION.
ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY.

A most economical set of Tables—computed expressly for the use of this institution, from authentic and complete data, and presenting the lowest rates of Assurance that can be effected without compromising the safety of the Institution.

Increasing Rates of Premium on a new and remarkable plan, for securing loans on debts; a free immediate payment being required on a Policy for the whole term of life than in any other Office.

Premiums may be paid either Annually, Half-yearly, or Quarterly, in one sum, or in a limited number of instalments.
A Board of Directors in attendance daily at Two o'clock.

The age of the assured in every case admitted in the Policy. All claims payable within one month after proof of death. Medical Attendants remunerated, in all cases, for their reports. A liberal Commission allowed to Solicitors and Agents.

Age.	1st Five years.	2nd Five years.	3rd Five years.	4th Five years.	5th Five years.	Remainder of life.
20	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
25	1 6 4	1 12 2	1 19 1	2 7 4	2 17 6	3 1 0
30	1 16 1	2 4 4	2 14 6	3 7 3	4 3 4	5 1 0
35	2 16 7	3 9 4	4 5 5	5 3 3	6 13 7	7 1 0

PETER MORRISON, Resident Director.

PALLADIUM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 7, WATERLOO-PLACE, LONDON.

Chairman.—George Arbuthnot, Esq.
Deputy Chairman.—Right Hon. Sir Edward Hyde East, Bart.

ADDITIONS TO POLICIES.
The following Table shows the Additions made to Policies for 1000l., which has been in force for complete periods of years, and also for fourteen years, to the 31st December, 1838, viz.

Age at commencement.	First Bonus for Seven Years, 1824 to 1831.	Second Bonus for Seven Years, 1831 to 1838.	Total Additions for 14 Years, 1824 to 1838.	Total Bonus now payable, in case of death.
20	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
25	284 10 10	305 5 9	590 6 7	5906 6 7
30	338 12 9	361 2 7	699 5 6	6991 2 7
35	411 11 8	432 12 3	844 4 1	8444 4 1
40	424 15 10	462 10 7	887 6 7	8877 6 7
45	422 10 6	450 0 6	872 10 12	87215 12 1
50	447 10 0	466 6 5	913 6 5	9136 5 5
55	447 18 4	445 19 9	893 18 1	89318 1 1
60	512 10 0	496 12 9	1008 12 9	10011 2 9
65	571 5 0	555 10 7	1126 15 7	112615 7 7

The above additions, on an average of all ages, from 20 to 60, amount to Forty-three per cent. on the Premiums paid during the fourteen years.

Proportionate sums were also appropriated to Policies of smaller amount, and to such as had subsisted for less than seven years; conditionally, that, when death occurs, seven annual payments shall have been previously made.

All persons assured in this Office are permitted to pass and repass, in time of peace, from any part of Europe, to sea or land, without payment of additional Premium, or forfeiture of Policy.

A NOVELTY in SCIENCE, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, and the DRAMA.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, AT 7 O'CLOCK,
Price Eightpence stamped (circulating free by post); also in Monthly Parts,

THE INVENTORS' ADVOCATE, AND PATENTEES' RECORDER;

A new Weekly British and Foreign Miscellany of
INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, FINE ARTS, THE DRAMA, &c.

Selected Remarks (from more than 200 Notices) of the Press.

The following TESTIMONIALS are subjoined, with a view to point out the peculiar features of this Publication,—it being the only work of its class ever attempted to be established. In its design it is as comprehensive, as in its execution it has been pronounced felicitous.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

From the Mining Journal.

"Eleven numbers of the 'Inventors' Advocate and Patentees' Recorder' are now before us, and it is only doing justice to the publication to acknowledge, that it fills up a desideratum of some considerable importance in our national literature. There is no class of men from whom the public derives greater benefit than those who devote their lives and abilities to inventions and discoveries; and, with a few exceptions, there is certainly none who are so inadequately rewarded—often, indeed, so entirely neglected. The 'Inventors' Advocate' is designed for the special benefit of this class, and from the ability with which it is conducted, will, we trust, be both productive of its object and of remuneration to its spirited and intelligent conductors. We are indebted to its pages for a variety of excellent articles, which have recently appeared in our Journal."

From the Literary Gazette.

"The 'Inventors' Advocate' is a new weekly contemporary, embracing a very wide field of Arts, Sciences, and Literature. Its principal feature is the RECORD OF PATENT INVENTIONS, both Domestic and Foreign. This will be a most useful guide to projectors and inventors; and any suggestions to improve our patent laws are also very desirable."

From the Conservative Journal.

"A new periodical, entitled the 'Inventors' Advocate,' has just been published by Mr. Kidd, of Tavistock-street, Covent-garden. We think the design a good one, and wish the publication every success. As it is intended to be a weekly British and Foreign Miscellany of Inventions, Discoveries, and the Fine Arts, it will more particularly apply itself to inventors, patentees, and patrons of the arts; but as it also contains the usual characteristic features of a Literary Paper, it cannot fail of being interesting and attractive to the public in general. It proposes to afford an efficient medium of communication between inventors, patentees, capitalists, and the public at large—calculated at once to do justice to the inventive genius of all nations, and to elicit the stores of innate intelligence and capacity, which lie hidden or neglected from a deficiency of patronage, or of fostering protection, or of a mere want of funds. The 'Inventors' Advocate and Patentees' Recorder,' is not designed to be of an ephemeral nature, but to form a work of constant reference, having relation to all inventions and discoveries, and being conducted on a plan which will at

From the Weekly Chronicle.

"In addition to its more immediately-avowed features—Science, Inventions, Discoveries, and the Fine Arts—this paper will rank high as a THEATRICAL JOURNAL. Its criticisms on the drama are masterly—bold, forcible, honest, and manly. Praise and censure are awarded with the nicest discrimination, and every justice is rendered both to managers and actors. 'To be honest,' says Will. Shakespeare, 'as times go, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand;' and certainly an honest theatrical critic is a *rara avis* in the days we live in."

From the Globe.

"This is a new paper, devoted to science, but it is by no means wholly scientific,—considerable space being allotted to general literature, fine arts, and the DRAMA. Apropos of

From the United Service Gazette.

"The only work of the kind, we believe, ever attempted to be established. It has been brought forward with considerable spirit, and bears internal as well as external evidence of having a most skilful editor to watch over its interests, and plenty of the one thing needful to support it in its progress. To inventors, and all who are connected with the Arts, Sciences, and Manufactures, it will prove an invaluable acquisition, besides being recognized as the official organ of a large body of scientific men."

From the Morning Post.

"We have perused this work with feelings of great interest. It is established with a view to promote the welfare of the Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, both at home and abroad; and from the very able and spirited manner in which it is conducted, we think no reasonable doubt can be entertained of its complete success."

From the Brighton Herald.

"The 'Inventors' Advocate' is one of those useful, practical publications, which the spirit of the times has long called for. The frauds that have been practised by men who have pilfered and appropriated the ideas of others would form a catalogue scarcely to be equalled for the infamy of its details. Many a poor but talented artist has

seen the fruits of his labour enjoyed by another, while he himself has been reduced to poverty. It is to protect the poor inventor that the 'Advocate' has been established, and if but true to its professions, there are no bounds to the good it may effect. It is in very talented hands, and we have no doubt of its success."

From the Cheltenham Free Press.

"This is a new and most ably-conducted weekly journal, dedicated to the various objects announced in its title. The number before us contains much valuable information. An essay on the patent laws of England, in which 'piracy is denounced and explained,' is written with great spirit; then follow an extract from the pen of M. Jobard on 'Practical Industry'—'Fuel in Steam Engines' from Le Moniteur Industriel—'A list of Patents that have expired during the week'—'A list of Specifications entered at the Enrolment-office, and the Rolls' Chapel Office'—Foreign Patents—Registry of Designs—Foreign Correspondence—Statistics—France—Statistics of the Reign of Terror—Prisons of Paris during the Revolution—Central School of Arts and Manufactures—Table of Railroads completed, or in progress—Meeting of German Naturalists—New Inventions and varieties in great abundance. Such a journal as the 'Inventors' Advocate' has long been a desideratum; and we are rejoiced to find it so well supplied."

LITERATURE AND FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT.

once save much labour and research to an inventor, and guarantee a safe outlet to the capitalist. A work of this nature is certainly still a desideratum, and we have no doubt that this new periodical will ably and efficiently supply it."

From the Liverpool Times.

"There is a sound healthy tone observable in the literary department of this journal, which places it far in advance of many of its so-called 'literary' contemporaries. It assigns, moreover, a considerable space to the Fine Arts; the articles on which are evidently penned by a first-rate hand."

From the Leicester Mercury.

"This periodical has been set on foot for the purpose of affording an 'Efficient medium of communication between inventors, patentees, capitalists, and the public at large.' It proposes to furnish early, extensive, and, in many cases, exclusive information on all inventions and discoveries, at home or abroad; with so much relating to Science and Art, Commerce and Manufactures, Literature, the Drama, &c. as shall make it a work of general interest and utility,

while it occupies a high and exclusive standing in these particular departments to which it is more especially devoted. We have perused all the numbers that have appeared, and they fully justify the expectations held out by the conductors. We cordially recommend the work to the support of the numerous and intelligent classes for whom it is designed."

From the Railway Magazine.

"A new periodical, issued weekly. It contains many choice original papers, and much useful information on every variety of subject."

From the Bucks Gazette.

"A very clever weekly journal, devoted to the cause of Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts,—all of which departments are most amply filled."

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"We compliment our new contemporary on its unflinching advocacy of the immediate interests of Science and the Arts. The Literary Department, in particular, is admirably conducted."

From the Bath Journal.

"A delightful Dramatic Miscellany, written with all the fervour of an old play-goer, and displaying a perfectly astonishing knowledge of the stage. The editor's taste and judgment are alike remarkable."

From the Liverpool Standard.

"One of the most valuable and original features in this very clever paper, is the copious record it gives of dramatic novelties, at home and abroad. The critiques are forcibly, correctly, and pleasingly written."

* * * See also the remarks of the public press generally.

DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT.

the Drama. Playgoers will hardly fail to recognize, under the head of 'The Theatres,' the traces of a hand that has oftentimes before administered, and in no small degree, to their amusement and edification in matters connected with the stage."

From the Standard.

"The theatrical criticisms in this journal are as remarkable for their acuteness, as they are impartial in their character. Friend and foe are treated alike, according to their deserts, and the editor seems to have but one object in view—viz., to speak the truth."

From Bell's Messenger.

"There is an originality of thought, and a felicity of execution about this periodical, that pleases us greatly; and to men of science,—inventors, perhaps, more particularly,—it

will prove invaluable. The lighter portion of the work is admirable; the theatrical articles in particular are racy and sparkling."

TO INVENTORS AND PATENTEES.

ALL PERSONS who may be desirous of TAKING OUT PATENTS, or of bringing VALUABLE INVENTIONS into USE, are requested to apply to the Proprietors of 'THE INVENTORS' ADVOCATE,' (DELIANSON CLARK & Co.) at their "PATENT AGENCY OFFICE FOR ALL COUNTRIES," 39, CHANCERY LANE, (first door in Currier-street, London: where they may be consulted (daily) relative to the Patent Laws of Great Britain and all other Countries.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1836.

REVIEWS

Notes taken during Travels in Africa. By the late John Davidson, F.R.S., &c. 4to. Printed for Private Circulation only.

THIS volume contains the interesting, though incomplete, narrative of the last sufferer in the cause of African discovery. Much of the information contained in it has already reached the public through various channels; * but, here we see, for the first time, a connected account of the whole journey, with a faithful picture of the hopes, anxieties, disappointments, and physical sufferings of our intrepid fellow countryman; his unabated ardour, and premature destruction. It is owing, we suppose, to the incompleteness of the materials in the hands of Mr. Davidson's relatives, that this memorial of his bold attempt to cross the desert to Timbuctú, has not been given to the public. The papers which he had with him at the time of his death, have never been recovered; we have to lament, therefore, the loss, not only of the particulars of his journey of thirty days through the desert, but also of much of the information collected by him during a residence of seven months in Wád Nún, on the confines of the Sahará, in a region, and among a people, hardly to be paralleled in any quarter of the globe. We shall now endeavour to lay before our readers a succinct history of the fatal enterprise recorded in those pages; avoiding, as far as memory enables us, the extraction of passages which have already appeared in print, and subjoining such brief observations as the confidential character of the volume, and the late hour at which it has reached us, will permit.

At Gibraltar Mr. Davidson was delayed nearly three months waiting for permission from the Court of Morocco to proceed. To the chagrin caused by this delay, it may probably be ascribed that the candidly-expressed opinion of the British Consul General in Barbary adverse to his project, made a disagreeable impression on him, as if he were thwarted by those whose co-operation he had a right to expect. The sequel proved, however, that the discouragement which he received from Mr. Drummond Hay, was dictated by a just appreciation and prudent consideration of the difficulties attending the proposed journey. In December, 1835, he received, from the Sultan of Morocco, a letter commanding him to proceed to the capital. The terms of the letter, and the numerous guard ordered to attend him for security, augured a favourable reception. On his road from Tangier he was much struck with the sight of the ruins of Outset (properly Aútad or the Peg, the name given to the tallest of the stones), resembling Stonehenge, of which he seems to have meditated writing a memoir. A little further on, beyond Meshra el Koweid, he saw the ruins of an amphitheatre. There is no part of the world where the remains of bygone civilization strew the ground so thickly as in Barbary and Morocco; besides the ruins of Roman architecture, the exploration of which is reserved for antiquarians of a future day, there are others more ancient, probably of Phœnician origin. It is to be hoped that the occupation of Algiers by the French will, ere long, facilitate the examination of the monuments of antiquity scattered over the interior of that country. Though we reject as fabricated the inscriptions which Gerardini, the Bishop of St. Domingo, pretended to find on the Gætulian coast, (see *Athenæum*, No. 625,) we cannot refuse to acknowledge the verisimilitude of that for which he quotes the authority of another. He relates that a monk, named Gonsalvo Cassalia, sent by

Ferdinand and Isabella to explore the African deserts, found on their borders an inscription of Nero, commanding the nomadic tribes to quit their wild life and settle in towns.

Mr. Davidson found Salee, once the terror of European merchants, fast crumbling to ruin. It fell together with the occupation of the Corsair. Mazagan offered an example of another kind of vicissitude, and such as is only to be witnessed under a primitive despotism. The governor of that town had been formerly a fisherman, and while in that humble situation, had lent a small sum of money to the emperor, who was then in narrow circumstances. The prince, on his elevation to the throne, remembered his friend the fisherman, and made him governor of Mazagan. On his arrival in the capital, Mr. Davidson was lodged in the ruined palace of Múlái Músá, situated in a garden on the south side of the city of Morocco, but within the walls. He had, soon afterwards, an audience of the prime minister, was mounted on a superb horse, and led to visit the royal palaces. The impression made on him by first appearances at the court of Morocco, may be best estimated from his own words:—

"Sídí Mohammed Ben Ali is a middle-aged man, of low stature, and dirty in his dress; his room was filled with papers. After bringing in a chair for me, he seated himself in his alcove, with Cohen on his left. He then ordered tea, and began to converse with great freedom, expressed his pleasure at seeing me, assured me of the Sultan's favour, and begged I would command his best services. He questioned me on all points of medicine and surgery, of which he knows something. He referred to several medical works, and spoke of the practice of other countries, and was much better informed than I expected. He asked me to examine his two black women; for, said he, we take as great care of our slaves as you have done of Abú. While we were with the females, the clerk of the market came in and the ladies ran away, and I was left with this porpoise for a patient; I remained about an hour, during which I had continually tea, ten, ten. I was told that the Sultan had given orders for me to see his palaces to-morrow, and that he would see me himself if business permitted, and that I was to be in readiness for the guard at seven, A.M. * * Arrived at the palace, I found court after court filled with soldiers. The Sultan had stationed himself at a window to see us as we passed. We dismounted at the house of the minister, of the court jester, and of the commander of the forces, and then mounted again, and proceeded by the lateral squares, which were filled in like manner with soldiers, to the saluting battery, where we saw guns of all shapes and sizes, but without carriages, whose place was supplied by pieces of wood. We then visited several kiosks, very beautifully painted, and afterwards the garden of Reduan: from thence to Dar el Beidá, which is rather pretty, and then to the new palace, which is the most tasteful of all. Our route lay afterwards through a series of orange and olive groves to the ruined palace of Múlái Músá with its immense tank, and we went out at the gate, from whence we had a fine view of Mount Atlas. We then proceeded along a covered walk of laris, extending above half a mile, and passing a fine aqueduct, entered a second walk formed of a wood of dates, and a third of pine, which was at the back of the palace, and from thence we returned home. After this I visited my patients at the Millah, where I found a whole host of fresh ones, ready to devour me. I received also a visit from the Hakím Bashi (the chief physician), who came to examine me; but I posed the old fellow by my long names and hard words. He had brought with him a quantity of leaves of plants, of woods, &c. to ask me their names and uses."

His visit to the Sultan is thus briefly described:

"Returned home, and found a message from the palace. Dressed, and after a row with my Káid, I went to the Meshwá, and was then summoned to the palace. Passing through court after court, I came into the presence of the Sultan, who was seated in an arm-chair in the blazing sun. Approaching respectfully, I tendered him my thanks for the kindness shewn to me. After making some inquiries about

me, he requested me to feel his pulse; and he then ordered his people to take me round his garden, after which I was called back and found that all his ladies were to be gratified with a sight of us. During the promenade we met some slaves carrying dishes along the shady side of the garden, that had been sent from the Sultan; another with sweetmeats; others with flowers; and at the gate there was a fine gold-coloured horse, the Sultan's present to myself, and a mule to take me home. Congratulations came thick upon me, while my Káid was sadly in the dumps, to be at the palace to-morrow at ten, A.M. I had no sooner reached home than fresh slaves were sent with fruits, and one with a china jar of dates, and an order for all the money that I had given away to be returned to me, and that if any one took money from me, his hand should be cut off, and if any one insulted me, his teeth should be drawn; and that I was to have one or a hundred soldiers, as I liked, and might go where I pleased."

It will give some idea of the barbarism which still surrounds the pompous throne of Morocco, to add our traveller's account of the miserable situation in which he found the Sultan's uncle, Muley 'Abd el Wáhad:—

"Up early, and went to see Muley 'Abd el Wáhad (the servant of the Only One), the uncle to the Sultan. No contrast could be greater than that presented by the two residences. 'Abd el Wáhad preserved, nevertheless, his commanding aspect and smiling face. He was seated in a yard, with a water-skin lying in the middle of it; his room was without even a mat. The fine old man, who was well dressed, was reclining upon the remains of a carpet, with a small green velvet cushion to lean against, the last remnant of his former greatness. He requested me to feel his pulse and order some medicine, and afterwards to visit his sister-in-law. On my consenting to do so, I was ushered into a side-room, where there was no mat or carpet, and only a small pot of charcoal, at which sat a woman who would have made a mother of Coriolanus. She was in rags; but here and there was seen a jewel to mark her former state. Covered with a few blankets, the sick woman was lying on the ground; she was very ill. I promised to pay her every attention. I then asked for some bottles for the medicines, but they had not one; I then gave them directions about taking them, when the poor suffering creature said, 'If it must be, make the time of taking them the time of prayer, as we have no watch—no anything.' I promised to send them a bottle, and asked for a cup to shew the quantity in each dose. A small teacup was brought, all that remained for the use of the party. This was the only house where I entered without a soldier. I did not see a child. It was the very personification of misery; I hope I may be of some service to the poor creature. I shall never forget the scene; the woman at the fire, who might have been seventy years old, had a look which cannot be forgotten; and the words 'God will reward you,' were pronounced in a tone that still rings in my ears."

As a mark of favour, Mr. Davidson received from the Sultan a horse, which seems to have caused him much surprise, owing to the extraordinary facility with which electricity was developed on its coat. He calls it the electrical horse. A more interesting peculiarity, in our opinion, is the spare diet, which supports the fire of these racers or "wind-drinkers" of the desert, as they are called:—

"Saw one of the horses of the desert: these animals are used to hunt the ostrich; they can perform immense journeys; they are fed only once in three days; I had this from the mouth of the groom; its allowance is a large jar of camel's milk every third day; its colour was iron-grey, with rather heavy legs but a spare carcase; it was very docile. The groom was highly gratified with the notice I took of it."

After a short residence in Morocco, our traveller felt as if he were a state prisoner. This, however, appears to us to be a feeling natural to an Englishman living under the restraints inseparable from court favour in Morocco, and does not afford much ground for concluding that any design was entertained against his freedom. The

* See *Athen.* Nos. 442-4, 473-5-7, 481-3, 490.]

Sultan, indeed, wished him to remain in the country to teach and practise medicine; but, as he persisted in his determination to travel southwards, he was at length permitted to depart, fettered only by the prohibition to go to Wád Nún, beyond the reach of the Sultan's direct authority, a caution which, proceeding from a government not used to set much account either on the wisdom or liberty of individuals, may be fairly ascribed to good motives. On the 17th of February, 1836, Mr. Davidson left Morocco, and directed his steps southwards to the mountains, for the purpose of visiting the towns of the Jews, respecting whom he had picked up such information as stimulated his curiosity. He says:—

"The first place we arrived at was Trasmoot, where I learned that a tax had been levied for me of 300 fowls and ten sheep. I went up to see the ruins: they occupy a circle of three miles, with walls, gates, baths, and arches: the last, however, have no keystone. There are five walls, and the whole place exhibits signs of having been a strong position—in fact, a Gibraltar in miniature. I went in the evening to dine with the Jews—here called the sons of Yehúdi: they are a most extraordinary people. I never met with such hospitality, or such freedom of manner in any Jews. They had dancing and music, and the ladies mixed in society without the least restraint. I bought here several things. A great squabble took place, when the Sheikh Berbo played the part of a scoundrel. These are the Jews who have each a berber-master."

This district, in which Leo Africanus visited the extensive ruins of the ancient town of Aghmat, appears to have been in remote times the seat of aboriginal greatness. Our traveller speaks in raptures of the beauty of the country (which he nevertheless saw in the depth of winter); provisions were abundant; even so as to satisfy the appetites of the soldiers attending him, some of whom could devour a sheep at a single meal. The glad reception he met with from the Shillahs or Berber mountaineers, is thus described:—

"We then proceeded to a second river, where we were met by a Sheikh, with two Shillahs on foot, who disappeared in the twinkling of an eye in a ravine; and on descending, I found forty of them with their guns all levelled at, and waiting for, me; while some twenty more were on the large stones on the sides of the ravine, together with ten on horseback, headed by the Sheikh, who was beautifully mounted. As soon as I came on the level he went forward some little distance; then wheeling suddenly his horse, he came at the top of its speed towards me. Knowing it would be best to keep myself as I was, moving on, he placed his gun on my hat, stopping his horse at the same moment. Such a halt I had never seen: this made my own horse nearly mad. The whole then commenced firing, and so close to me, that I got the powder in my face, and the report almost cracked my ears. We then turned from the road to see a fine cave, which was said to pass through the mountain called Gulgál. At this point we had a view of Morocco. Skirting the mountain, which overlooked a river, and a country with enclosures like an English farm, we got into the district of Warikah, where we had more firing. Arriving at the house of the Káid, I tried to walk, but found myself too much exhausted. I received a visit from some Jews, who stated that they have here the tombs of two rabbis who escaped from the second destruction of Jerusalem; that their nation has resided here ever since that event. We had some talk about some books connected with this tradition, but they will not show them, nor can they go with me to-morrow, as it is their Sabbath, to the burial-ground. They are generally very ignorant, although they can manufacture, in a rude way, silver rings and bracelets. Over the mountain opposite there is a valley equal to the plain of Morocco, where dwell, say the Jews here, those who escaped from Nebuchadnezzar, from whose time they have preserved their national records."

It was the traveller's intention (though not stated in the volume now before us) to cross the

Atlas; but at the height of 5,000 feet he already found the snow accumulated in such a manner as compelled him to change his plans. He turned his back therefore on the towns of the Jews, and directing his steps to the coast, arrived at Mogadore. This town, owing probably to its intercourse with Europe, is the most flourishing, opulent, and perhaps we might add, the most civilized in the empire of Morocco. Mr. Davidson was here annoyed to find that his plans were discussed in a jealous and unfriendly spirit:—

"The most extraordinary reports are in circulation about me; first, that I am going all over the country to see where it can be best attacked and conquered; next, that I have turned merchant, and am going to Súdán to buy up the gold; and queries are asked as to the quantity of salt I shall have to carry for that purpose. Of this last article, the price is extravagantly high. A human being is given for as much as two feet can cover, and the whole of a woman's jewels have been asked for as much as she could cover with her body. Had three of the famed serpent-stones brought me to purchase: they fetch very high prices, as they are a remedy for the bite of the reptile, and are used as a most costly medicine. I made several offers; the men had refused twenty-two ducats for the three; a large sum for a Moor to give, and an Arab to refuse. They are generally brought from Súdán: these, however, were taken from the *M'hor*, which is a kind of antelope, and are called *selsi* in the Mandingo language: they are used as an antidote in cases of poison, and are applied also to pains and bruises: I bought the three for eight dollars."

The stones here alluded to are evidently bezoars. On his road to Agadir our traveller found the hills between the Great Atlas and the sea to be formed in great measure of shells, in what state of concretion or of what period is not distinctly mentioned. At Agadir again, "the cry of danger was set up, and hints were given him to leave the country." He however was not to be deterred; having obtained the Sultan's permission, he proceeded to Wád Nún, of which, and its inhabitants, he gives the following sketch:—

"The country is completely cultivated: it is backed by four regular rows of limestone-hills, which serve as a kind of embankment against the desert. They are now cutting the corn, which produces more than one hundred fold, most of the seeds throwing out four stems, and some five. I am not over-pleased with my conductor, Háji Majibí, who, I see plainly, is making a job out of my journey. We passed the tomb of a great saint, El Ab, where all the party but the Káiri (myself) offered up their prayers. We then entered a pass, which required some hard climbing. My horse became so lame, that I was compelled to walk the rest of the journey, a distance of three hours; when we reached the residence of another saint. Here they have to prepare a room for myself, as I cannot be permitted to enter his apartment. My grumbling to-day has been of service. I have some Tumbuktú quilts laid over my carpet to serve for a bed. Received some barley-cakes and honey, but could not eat them; afterwards butter and honey, and leben (sour milk); but it will not do: a biscuit is the only food I have taken this day, although I have fasted for three."

"The people here are a fine race; they wear their hair generally curled, and are not at all dark; they are tall in figure, ride upon spare horses without a bit, and with only a mere rope put round the nose and neck of the animal; they have fine eyes, and beautiful teeth. The majority of those in better circumstances have one or more of the desert-horses, which are fed entirely on camel's milk, and this only every fourth or fifth day. * * It is perfectly useless doing anything for people who take five meals a-day, and pass the rest of their time in sleep; with no exercise or no employment, but sitting outside their doors or inside their walls, to see on whom they can pounce. It is really sad to look upon the two sides of the picture which this place presents; the one, the possessors of the soil, the daring, hardy, and commanding inhabitants reduced to the level of the brute by his indulgence in food and sleep, with

the past forgotten, the future uncertain: the other subject to slavery in its most abject form."

The Sheikh appears to have been well-intentioned, but unable to keep pace with the ardour of his visitor:—

"The Sheikh assures me, he will send me without the least danger. I like him much: he has a large and fine family. I have brought him a handsome present, and I fear he expects that I shall return this way back: but this is not in the bond. Abú is very helpless. Here one begins to see slavery again: the house swarms with slaves, who form a large item of property. This Berúk is a person of great wealth: he possesses forty thousand head of cattle, and has never less than one thousand camels working between here and Súdán."

Mr. Davidson had arrived at Wád Nún a fortnight after the departure of the Kafilah; the hot and dry season was coming on, and there is no reason to suppose that the natives exaggerated the dangers that menace a small party in the desert. The impatient traveller sought to beguile his hours in conversation with the half-wild men who had visited the interior:—

"Had a long conversation with Zein, who was at Tumbuktú when Major Laing was killed. It appears, that Hámed Libbú gave all the protection he could; but that the Sheikh to whose care the Major was entrusted, expected to gain a large plunder by his destruction. Zein had seen also Caillié several times during his stay there. Things have now changed. The government is now Fulani. Hámed Libbú killed four thousand of the Tawáriks in one day, and has quite reduced that tribe to subjection. These marauders are, however, still in force between Tumbuktú and Sakatú. A large portion of the former place, inhabited by the Tawáriks, has been burnt down. Zein tells me there is no chance of my getting to Sakatú. The Wád and the river are both beset by the Tawáriks."

The advance of the summer daily added to the difficulty of the contemplated journey, and this, we dare say, was felt by the chief who held himself responsible for our traveller's safety:—

"The Sheikh has evidently something on his mind, but is afraid to speak out. He is an extraordinary person; I have never seen such a combination of opposites in any individual: at one time proud, arrogant, austere, despotic, and occasionally savage; he then changes his character, and becomes low and grovelling, or else full of kindness, frank and open-hearted. * * The place has great capabilities, and would yield, were the people of industrious habits, an immense revenue; but all are afraid of each other. I am now so changed in appearance, that I hardly know myself. I cannot master the language."

To the discouragement involved in the last line, was added bad news from the south. The Kafilah from Negroland arrived much later than usual, and with it came the intelligence, that the people of Bambara had defeated the Fúlas; that the Sultan of Maséna had driven away the Tawáriks from Timbuctú; and that the Kafilah had been attacked on its road, thirteen people killed, and many slaves lost. Thus it appeared that the interior was all up in arms. The traveller at the same time began to see in all their enormity the vices engendered by the slave trade:—

"I could not refrain from calling down the curse of Heaven on these inhuman wretches: in many, but little feeling is shown for the poor blacks; and they seemed to think less of their own fate than I did, who was merely a looker-on. One poor creature, however, who was a finer woman, and less black than the rest, shed tears: I could have given her my dagger to have plunged it in the breast of the villain who was examining her: and yet these people pray four times a-day, and think themselves superior to all God's creatures. More than ever do I wish to get away from this den of hell-hounds. Each of the grown persons were in the prime of life, and had once possessed a home, and were more to be pitied than the children, who had never known the liberty of thought and act. To each of the ten slaves was given a lunch of bread; while both the inhuman buyers and sellers, after chuckling over their bargains, went to offer up their prayers to Heaven be-

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fore they took their daily meal. Can such unhallowed doings be permitted to endure longer? Oh! spirit of civilization, hither turn your eyes, and punish the purchasers, who ought to know better; for thus only will the sale be stopt."

The arrival of the different parties across the desert to attend the great sùk, or fair, in Wád Nún, afforded our traveller not a little amusement:—

"In the evening, a set of niggers arrived from Tumbuktú; they kept the whole town alive and awake through the whole night with their music and singing: we had a picked lot here, and some Arabs, who sang with great effect, beating the ground with their hands by way of accompaniment: one had had a very fine voice. All their songs were extemporaneous: one was made to suit me and my situation, and their opinion of my chance of success. As I cannot see to write till day-break, I have determined to try if I can get some sleep, despite the great noise. These people know nothing of hours: they eat, sleep, and pray when it suits them; they only regard the number of times each of these acts are performed in one light and one dark, as they call the day."

"About eighty persons have recently arrived. Never did I meet with any people who gave me so complete an idea of savages. Their bodies are a mass of dirt, and their wan eyes are sunk in their heads; their teeth of pearly blue seem starting from their gums. They wear the hair long and in large quantities, some curled, and others plaited. Half-dyed blue with the khaort, and half-famished, they present a revolting exterior. But never did any people improve so much upon acquaintance. * * As soon as the animals were unloaded, the twenty Damánis came to the Sheikh's house, where they devoured a sheep, with nearly a half-hundred weight of kuskús, and a camel-load of ripe mashmash (apricots), and then all lay down to sleep: in about an hour they got up and shook themselves, and then came in a body to see the Nazarene. I had some difficulty to keep myself from being smothered by them. The Sheikh Kheiser came to drive them away; when one, who seemed to have some command, said, 'Nazarene, we are wild Arabs; none of us have ever seen a Christian; we know you are a great man; if our coming thus to you offends you, we will go; if not, astonish us. You are a magician; show us some fire.' I lighted some tinder from the sun with my glass; and then showed them my small globe, telescope, watch, pistols, &c., afterwards a lucifer-match; and, lastly, I set fire to my finger, dipping it in spirits of turpentine. This was too much for them: they became alarmed; I then got my sword, &c., afterwards gave them snuff; they all smoked my pipe, and when that was finished, and I had examined all their eyes, and given many of them medicines, and would not take money for it, I was told I had only to say 'Resúf Mohammed', and go anywhere. This was the general wind up, and La'b el Búrd finished the day: and as the evening saw my rooms filled again with these wild men, I was fairly tired out."

In a distant expedition in search of a stolen horse, we find another lively picture of the life of the desert:—

"At nine a.m. all the place was in commotion, and the Sheikh and his people were off on horseback in different directions, to look for a thief, who got into the yard of the house last night, and stole the Sheikh's favourite white horse. The Sheikh's son has returned, but the Damánis and others are in full chase. The stolen horse was one of great speed, and the thief had eight hours start. It will be interesting to know when the Damánis will come up with him; they have got their Shérif el Rih; have looked at the print of the horse's feet and his dung, and they will be sure to trace him by either sight or scent: like the Bháls in India, if they once see the track they never lose it. At ten, p.m. one man returned, who stated, that the Damánis said the horse had stopped, and they would now find him before morning. The man who brought this intelligence had ridden sixty miles, without intermission, on a mere bag of bones."

The perusal of some newspapers led to the discovery that the tribes of the desert are, in general very hostile to the French:—

"They hoped the Sultán would persist in attacking the French: they said that these districts could furnish, mount, and arm fifty thousand men; but though they are fond of exaggeration, I think that twenty thousand might be raised in this quarter."

This hostility is attributable to the effect which the French settlements on the Senegal have on the trade of the desert, and to the manner in which they endeavour to secure the monopoly of the gum trade. The English, who have done far more than the French to divert the trade of Negroland from the desert, have yet escaped the obloquy, being screened from observation by the colonies of the latter nation, who are between them and the desert tribes.

According to the blacks, even the numerous factories on the coasts of Guinea are insufficient to carry off the rich produce of their country:—

"Attended the unpacking of the ivory: some of the teeth are immense. Abú tells me, that I shall see some as large rotting on dunghills; that the people about Kong live entirely upon elephants, and are constantly employed in hunting them. The small tusks are used for music; but from the want of means of transport, the large ones are thrown away. Hámed has just been here to take leave: he is a most grateful creature, and promises that wherever I meet any people of his tribe they will respect Ján and Yaghá. He then said he had one more favour to ask: I had cured him, and had given him too many things; but as he knew I could do anything, 'I love,' said he, 'the daughter of the brother of my father; she is the prettiest woman in our tribe; I am dying for her; but she does not love me, although I am the Sheikh's son, and shall be the Sheikh myself; give me such a charm as shall force her to love me.' It was in vain that I told him I had no love-charm. He said that I had given one to the son of the Sheikh of Dar'ah, and that his wife had come back to him. I had then to make up a story that I must see the lady, and, as she is unmarried, fold the charm, while she looked on. This he is convinced will prove effectual; and when I get to Taghakinth I am to make him happy."

In the meantime summer was advancing, and Mr. Davidson was fretting, negotiating, and making excursions under a burning sun, which it is hard to conceive how a European could endure. Some idea of it may be collected from the following passages:—

"The heat is terrific. No sleep, no rest. The stream that passes the Sheikh's garden was this morning at 75°. Mashála (Majibi) and his gang left us at three, p.m. Went out a little this afternoon, as I felt poorly, and procured some eggs from the Arabs in the tents, but many of them were rotten. I have now had no food for a week. Would give a dollar for a draught of beer. Thirst distressing, and am pouring with perspiration. The walls of the house are cracking with the heat, and the ground is distressing to the feet. Wrote to Mr. Willshire. The Damánis are preparing to start to-morrow."

Thursday, July 21.—Therm. 95°. This morning I exposed about a quart of water in a tea-kettle, on the roof of the house, to the action of the sun. The water was brought from a small rill that passes the Sheikh's garden, and was 75° when about fifty yards from the spring. At twelve the water in the kettle had risen to 112°; at three, p.m. it was taken away to be used as hot water: this happened a few minutes before I got up to try its temperature. The heat decreased much towards the evening."

Mr. Davidson's journal terminates abruptly, and the sequel of his history is gathered from his letters and those of Mr. Willshire, the British consul at Mogadore. He made up his mind at one time not to wait till September for the Kafilah, but to ride, at any rate, across the desert with an experienced guide, who had once made the journey to Timbuctú in twenty-five days. We must observe, however, that to gallop the Maherry, or swift dromedary, a long journey, is a task to which none but the native of the desert is equal. Our traveller having waited for the Kafilah, left Yeist, forty miles south-east from Wád Nún, on the 17th of November. Yet

it was not his intention to accompany the Kafilah, but to take a short cut to Arawan, so as to reach Timbuctú in thirty-five days. He had scarcely accomplished half of his journey, when a tribe from the borders of Sigilmessa, who had watched his steps for some time, seized an opportunity of shooting him, and carried off his property.

The companion of his journey, Abu Bekr, who was born at Timbuctú, and educated at Jenneh, was allowed, it is supposed, to proceed; but as no accounts have been received from him, there is reason to fear that he did not live to reach his native country. Mr. Davidson frequently complains in his journal of the feebleness of mind as well as body of Abu Bekr; but no one acquainted with the history or the mental stores of that poor negro, could regard him otherwise than as a remarkably intelligent man. We can easily conceive, however, that a negro who had been shipped to the West Indies in his youth, and had lived many years in slavery, could not, either among whites or blacks, assume that air of superiority which so well became Mr. Davidson; and that Abu Bekr, although a clever man when left to himself, was utterly unable to participate in the views or feelings of his companion, or to play the commanding part which the latter proposed to him. He was allied to Ahmed Labo, the Sultan of Masena, or of Timbuctú; and, consequently, in Morocco, where his rank was acknowledged, he was ordered to be treated with the respect due to a prince. He learned also that his cousin and schoolfellow, named Kutúk, or the warrior, had become King of Kong, on the frontiers of Ashanti. It is stated in one of Mr. Davidson's letters, that Abu Bekr also claimed relationship with the King of Housa; but this is evidently a mistake. We may here observe, that the King of Housa, referred to in our traveller's journal under the name of Fahadier, is evidently the Dan-Fodio of Clapperton.

We shall now conclude with a few remarks on the route taken by Mr. Davidson. He saw a man who had crossed the desert to Timbuctú twenty times, and who said, that he had once made the journey in twenty-five days. That was a wonderful exertion. Our traveller, starting from Yeist on the border of the desert, and travelling with the greatest expedition, by a short cut, hoped to reach Timbuctú in thirty-five days. Now, it appears evident to us, that he gave up the idea of leaving the Kafilah behind, and that he accompanied it in its circuitous route eastward; for, first, he was robbed on the 18th day of his journey, when he was only four or five days beyond Tatta, which we know to be not south of the parallel of Wád Nún; and then, on the 30th day of his journey, he was killed in the district of Eguéda (in our maps El guéda, lat. 25°), ten days from Taudeny, and, consequently, not quite half-way to Timbuctú. His route appears to have been to the north of and less direct than that travelled by Adams from Taudeny to Wád Nún. The short route which he had contemplated travelling, is apparently the same described by El Bekri, who reckons thirty days from Tandoulet, east of Wád Nún to Waran. This Waran of the old Arab writer is elsewhere written Awaran, or rather Aúwaran, which we believe to be the correct form of the word, and to be corrupted by the inversion of sounds so common with the Moors, into Arawan, or, as Mr. Davidson writes it, Arowan.

Mr. Davidson heard of the jins, or demons, which haunt the desert and its frontiers. Of these an ample account is given by Ibn Batuta, who lost one of his companions in the desert, which the Kafilahs from Wád Nún avoid, by turning northward. It is curious also to observe, that in the worst part of the desert, the Arab traveller met bedwines of various tribes wandering in small

parties with bags of water to sell to travellers. He also speaks of a wild cow which is killed by the wanderers for the sake of the water in its stomach. The price paid by Ibn Batuta for a guide as far as Walata, was 100 mithcals of gold, a very large sum in those days, and which shows that it is not on Europeans alone that a heavy assessment is levied by the guides through the desert. We hope that the dangers of the Sahrâ will not be again tempted, so long as the routes to Timbuctû through Ashanti, and by the Quorra, both probably easier as well as more pregnant of instruction, remain still untrod.

A Treatise on the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity. By J. Ray, M.D.; with an Introductory Essay, by D. Spillan, M.D. Henderson.

It is a curious anomaly in the history of civilization in this country, that while political liberty has been more effectually secured than in any other European state, the rights of person and property are still inadequately protected. It is not merely that there is (according to the popular phrase) one law for the rich, and another for the poor, but that when the contending parties are equal, there exists in "the glorious uncertainty of the law," an efficient cause of manifold injustice. This uncertainty arises out of various independent circumstances; some inherent in the system; others accidental, and derived from special ignorances, prejudices, and mistaken analogies; the whole perpetuated by that spirit of routine, which (maugre the imputed tendencies of the age) is the besetting sin of our national character.

Of all the departments of law, there is none more chaotic than that which is embraced by the work now before us,—a department which, up to a very recent period, was one mass of error and contradiction; and which, if in the present day it is regulated with some nearer approach to common sense, is more indebted for that improvement to individual acuteness than to any systematic amelioration in the code itself.

The condition of the insane is one of singular helplessness, being, in itself, equally defenceless with that of infancy, without enjoying the protection which is cast around the babe, through the natural affections of the parent. On the contrary, the lunatic is regarded with terror, and his property is a matter of tempting cupidity to his nearest relations. On the other hand, his mischievous tendencies, and his exemption from that responsibility which restrains the healthy intellect, render his legal seclusion a question of deep interest to every member of the community; while the vexations and annoyances which surround his friends in their attempts to provide for his personal safety, and the management of his property,—a duty to which every man is liable,—afford a strong additional motive for desiring that the law should in this instance be carried to the utmost possible perfection. In this, however, as in most other cases, if we wish to be well served, we must serve ourselves: and we may safely refer the deficiencies of professional men and their imperfect acquaintance with the facts on which they have to decide, to the still greater ignorance of the public, and to the indifference which that ignorance occasions. We consider, therefore, the matter of sufficient importance to our readers at large to warrant a few words, suggested by the occasion, on so much of the philosophy of the subject as is necessary for the better comprehension of its elementary principles.

The main difficulties which beset a just legal dispensation for the insane, arise from the necessary concurrence of the members of two independent professions in the matter of debate, medical

men and lawyers; this affects both the decision on the facts of each separate case, and the general principles by which lawyers are accustomed to regulate their judge-made law. We have heretofore alluded to the difference of training which distinguishes the medical from the legal mind, and to the difficulty which the members of the two professions experience in attempting a mutual understanding, when brought to apply their attention to the same facts. It is perhaps the general vice of jurisprudence, that it is too much constructed on abstract principles, which are pursued to their remotest syllogistic consequences, with a rigour practically sophistical, and therefore not unfrequently at open war with the natural propensities and attributes of the human species, of which laws should be the direct corollaries. The lawyer thus becomes occupied exclusively with axioms and maxims, and his object is to separate his case from all its special particulars, and to present it in the aspect of its widest generality. Having once defined to his own satisfaction, he ties up his mind in the terms of the definition, and never trusts himself to re-try the grounds of its imputed correctness.

A well-educated physiologist, on the contrary, is chiefly cognizant of special facts; and the occupation of his life is to bring back his theories again and again to their sources, and to test their agreement with the instances of which they should be an exact expression. He admits no physiological dogma as incontrovertible, and holds his doctrines always "as at present advised." In applying his science to practice, also, he is accustomed to expect that his facts should not quadrate exactly with prescribed formulæ, and he is more eager to discover that which is special and exceptional, than to systematize and to refine. His rules are not laws; and he accordingly considers them made for the special contingency, and not the special contingency for them. It is not too much, therefore, to say, that the logic of the two professions is different, and that the lawyer is apt, on that ground, to consider the physician as a loose reasoner. A stranger to the art of scientific observation, the man of law overlooks the infinite variety of nature, in the unbending uniformity of dialectics; and he treats natural science as vague and untrustworthy, because he cannot estimate the value of its evidence.

When a physician, then, comes into court to give testimony in a case of insanity, to a certain extent the miracle of Babel is reacted—the lawyer and the medical man employ the common language they have learned in the university, but without perhaps suspecting that they use it with a different signification. Imperceptibly they appeal to different principles; and they derive different consequences from the same premises, without exactly knowing why. It thus requires not only much good faith on both sides, but a high order of understanding also, to bring the parties intellectually together, and render their respective administration available to truth.

In the conduct of a criminal case, if a man is charged with larceny or murder, the law has defined what larceny or murder is; the act of the prisoner is compared at once with this definition, and a direct conclusion is drawn. When, therefore, a party is charged with lunacy, the lawyer, unable himself to estimate facts foreign to his pursuits, is impelled, by habit, to look for such a definition of insanity as will enable him to institute a similar comparison, and arrive, with equal expedition, to as clear a conclusion. Here is a preliminary snare. In general, those accustomed to the treatment of lunacy are too much on their guard to venture on a definition. They will boldly say, that each case stands on its own grounds, which consist in trains of facts, rigor-

ously appreciable only by the skilled observer. This is mortifying to the Court, and has rarely proved satisfactory; so that the reputation of the witness suffers something from the answer, and he has his way to recover with his audience, before he obtains attention. General practitioners, if they be ignorant on the point, or if they have formed their opinions on the popular theories of mind, are prone to blurt out their definition. Here, the lawyer is usually more at home; and if he does not at once dispute its propriety, he is enabled to watch the evidence, and to detect a discrepancy between the witness's general, and his particular conclusions; and then, pursuing his customary habits, he proceeds to confuse the poor man, unused perhaps to act or speak in public, and he either draws him unresistingly to support his own case, or steeps him in ridicule, and annuls his evidence. On this point, Dr. Spillan speaks with as much decision as accuracy:—

"Jurists who have been so anxious to obtain some definition of insanity, which shall embrace every possible case, should understand, that such a wish is chimerical, from the very nature of things. Insanity is a disease, and, as is the case with all other diseases, the fact of its existence is never established by a single diagnostic symptom, but by the whole body of symptoms, no particular one of which is present in every case. To distinguish the manifestations of health from those of disease requires the exercise of learning and judgment; and, if no one doubts this proposition, when stated in reference to the bowels, the lungs, the heart, the liver, the kidneys, &c., what sufficient or even plausible reason is there, why it should be doubted when predicated of the brain? The functions of those organs proceed with the regularity and sameness of clock-work, compared with the ever-varying and unequal phenomena of this; and yet there are persons, who assume a magisterial tone in writing or talking of the latter, who would defer to a tyro's judgment in whatever concerns the others. If, when anxious to know all we can, respecting a disease of the lungs or stomach, we repair to those who have a high and well-founded reputation in the pathology of these parts, why adopt the converse of this rule in regard to diseases of the brain? No reasonable person would desire to set up an insuperable barrier, between the domain of professional knowledge, and that of common sense and common information; but, it is not too much to insist, that facts, established by men of undoubted competence and good faith, should be rejected for better reasons than the charge of 'groundless theory.'"

Another difficulty attendant on these questions, arises in the authority which precedent holds in courts of justice. It is only within the last century, that pathologists themselves have acquired even a moderate knowledge of the phenomena of insanity, or reduced them into anything approaching towards lucid order. It will not seem strange, therefore, that the earliest legal decisions on insanity should be the worst, and that the weight of precedent should be an impediment to the straight course of justice. That the legal profession, ignorant of the recent improvements in natural science, and hampered by the errors of the older physicians, and by the false decisions to which these led, should be often at fault, is no just cause of blame: there is, indeed, more room for surprise at the occasional instances of sagacity its members have exhibited, and at the skill with which they have, now and then, wielded their own impracticable maxims to the attainment of a sound decision. To decide with propriety in cases of insanity, even on points of legal equity, a knowledge of pathology, more than superficial—more than a lawyer can be expected to possess—is, on a multitude of occasions, absolutely necessary. Of this, we have a striking illustration in a note appended to the volume before us. Lord Thurlow, it appears, had, with his usual bold and penetrating intelligence, maintained, that the evidence to prove a

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lucid interval after derangement should be as strong and demonstrative of the fact as that which should establish an original lunacy. On this, the author makes the following comment :

"It appears from a note in 1 Beck's Med. Juris. 386, that Lord Eldon dissented from this proposition, and thus stated his objections to it to Lord Thurlow himself. 'I have seen you exercising the duties of lord chancellor with ample sufficiency of mind and understanding, and with the greatest ability. Now if providence should afflict you with a fever, which should have the effect of taking away that sanity of mind for a considerable time (for it does not signify whether it is the disease insanity, or a fever that makes you insane), would any one say, that it required such very strong evidence to show that your mind was restored to the power of performing such an act as making a will—an act, to the performance of which a person of ordinary intelligence is competent?' We are not informed how this objection struck Lord Thurlow, but we trust that no reader of the present work will be at a loss to perceive its weakness for a moment. It does signify everything, whether it is the disease insanity or a fever that makes one insane, for the delirium of fever is but a casual symptom of that disease, and, together with the pathological condition that gave rise to it, is presumed to disappear with the main disorder on which it depends. This is the ordinary course of nature. On the contrary, mental alienation is the essential, the pathognomonic, and oftentimes, the only clearly discernible symptom of mania, and its disappearance furnishes the only intimation, perhaps, that we have of the cure of this disease. Thus our means of deciding this point being so small, we are necessarily led to require stronger evidence of their certainty, than of the restoration of the mind in fever, because the latter is confirmed by a multitude of symptoms. Recovery from an attack of fever is a phenomenon that any one can see, but not such recovery from an attack of mania; because, though the insane delusions or conduct by which it was manifested may disappear, it remains to be determined in every case, whether they are not purposely concealed from observation, or proper opportunity has been offered to the patient to bring them forward. Just as the existence of mania requires stronger proof than that of the delirium of fever, so does recovery from the former require stronger proof than recovery from the latter."

Among the abuses of reasoning, there is no fallacy more serious in its consequences, or more difficult to resist, than that drawn from false analogies. To a non-professional audience, Lord Eldon's inference from delirium to mania would appear, as to himself, quite satisfactory and conclusive: to the merest tyro in pathology would at once see the error.

If, however, the lawyer, pre-occupied by his own overwhelming subject, cannot possess a knowledge of pathology necessary for the efficient conduct of a lunatic case, it is equally certain, that medical men too often do not possess it. The treatment of lunacy is a special branch of practice, and general physicians have rarely given much attention to the subject, except as a matter of psychological curiosity. In this point of view, almost all persons of a liberal education have, at some time, dallied with the subject; and the course of justice is much turned on one side by the false learning prevailing in society, as by the ignorance of the professional disputants and witnesses. Here again we may advantageously quote Dr. Spillan:—

"To explain the little progress, comparatively speaking, that has been made by medical men in the knowledge of insanity, it is too much the fashion to allege, that they have neglected the study of mental philosophy, or that of mind in the healthy state, which is indispensable to correct notions on the disordered condition of mind. So far, however, is the fact here indicated from being true, generally, that one cannot hesitate to say, that the result in question has been owing to the undue account that physicians have made of the popular philosophy of mind, in explaining the phenomena of insanity, and

that they have failed, in consequence of studying metaphysics too much instead of too little. While it is admitted, that the knowledge of healthy structure and functions is necessary to a thorough understanding of diseased structure and functions, there is every reason to believe that the converse of the proposition is equally true; neither can be successfully studied independently of the other. In the prosecution of psychological science, this latter truth has been almost entirely disregarded, and therefore it is, that we see the metaphysician looking for his facts and his theories in the healthy manifestations of the mind, and directed in his course solely by his own self-consciousness, while the student of insanity, after collecting his facts with commendable diligence and discrimination, amid the disorder and irregularity of disease, resorts to the theories of the former, for the purpose of generalizing his results, instead of building upon them a philosophy of his own. Metaphysics, in its present condition, is utterly incompetent to furnish a satisfactory explanation of the phenomena of insanity, and a more deplorable waste of ingenuity can hardly be imagined, than is witnessed in the modern attempts to reconcile the facts of the one with the speculations of the other."

In these remarks, there is much sound philosophy. One striking remnant of the "ancient night" of metaphysical doctrine, occurs in the pertinacity with which most people cling to such phrases as "mental derangement," "unsound mind," &c. As regards all purely physiological inquiries, the term "mind" is an inept and illogical abstraction, and should be wholly banished from the nomenclature of the science. We know, that insanity is a disease of the brain, with as much conviction as attends any other ascertained fact. The mere presumption to cure the disease by physical means implies it; but when a word is introduced into medical discussions, which is used by metaphysicians and divines in a sense so totally different, it is hardly possible to avoid deriving from it erroneous inferences.

But if such difficulties attend the collision of two educated men, on the score of a difference in training, the matter is still worse, when a simple, and haply an illiterate man, is called on to give evidence, or to sit in a jury-box. An ordinarily constituted jury is, in this case, wholly inadequate to the functions it is called on to perform. It can neither appreciate the facts, nor understand the reasonings on which it is required to decide; and it must lean helplessly on the authority of the Court, pin an implicit faith on some favourite professional witness, or, in exercising an independent judgment, decide, in its insufficiency, on reasoning necessarily more likely to be false than true. The majority of the cases that come before a jury are of two kinds—one, where the consequences of a criminal act are to be avoided by the establishment of lunacy; the other, where the party is defending himself against the legal incapacities which attach to the insane condition. In the first case, the natural leaning of a jury is to favour the plea; in the second, to resist it, through horror of the deed, or personal dread of the insane. Even when the point to be established is the validity of a dead man's will, popular prejudice will usually lean in favour of the document. In all these cases, the prejudice will find the widest field for its conscientious indulgence in the ignorance of the jurors; and even where no such leaning exists, the juror is at the disposition of the advocate, who is anxious only for his cause, and will employ all his subtlety to establish a case.

The root of these various causes of erroneous decisions in questions of insanity, lies in the transition state of medical science, the imperfection of its theories, its confused and inadequate collections of facts, and the rapidity with which more enlarged and surer views are opened to the student. It is surely too much to expect that mere lawyers can keep pace with this improvement, or that they should decide with clearness

and consistency amidst the eternal differings of doctors.

From causes of error thus multitudinous, we cannot be surprised at the imperfect state of law, and the uncertainty that surrounds each individual case that is brought before the courts. On this point, few will dissent from the following description of Dr. Ray:—

"In the English courts there has been a great diversity of practice on this subject, according as it has been affected by the speculative opinions of the judge, the eloquence of counsel, the magnitude of the criminal act, and the ignorance or humanity of juries. If we carefully examine the cases tried within the last hundred years, as they are brought together in the various treatises on lunacy and on criminal law, the utmost respect for authority will not prevent us from observing the want of any definite principle as the ground of the difference of their results. Amid the mass of theoretical and discordant speculations on the psychological effects of insanity, and of crude and fanciful tests for detecting its presence, which these trials have elicited, the student who turns to them for the purpose of informing his mind on this branch of his profession, finds himself completely disheartened and bewildered. Instead of inquiring into the effect produced by the peculiar delusions of the accused on his ordinary conduct and conversation, and especially of their connexion with the criminal act in question, the courts in these cases have been contented with laying down metaphysical dogmas on the consciousness of right and wrong, of good and evil, and the measure of understanding still possessed by the accused. Under the influence of the doctrines of Lord Hale, partial insanity has seldom been considered as sufficient, *per se*, to annul responsibility for crime. When received as an exculpatory plea, it has generally been in those cases where the principal delusions were of a religious nature, though the reason of this preference it might be difficult to assign."

The master-key to these and other difficulties surrounding lunatic jurisprudence, will be found in a clear and correct notion of the ends of such investigations. The point at issue is not the rigorous appreciation of a scientific fact, but the fitness or unfitness of the party to be made responsible for his actions, or to discharge his civil duties. It is no matter to this decision whether the party be an idiot, an imbecile, a maniac, demented, or whether he does or does not come under the terms by which these conditions are defined, in pathological systems—it matters not whether the patient be mad north-north-west, or under any other condition of externals; but whether, being what he is, he is in the ordinary condition of civil self-sufficiency, or fit only to be held *in statu pupillari*.

As to criminal matters, philosophy has sometimes taught that every unwise man is mad; and it is probable that the more atrocious crimes are committed under a physiological condition of the brain in some respects approaching to that which subsists in certain species of true mania. Theoretically, perhaps, the responsibility of the agent may be alike impaired in both instances; but the public safety would be fearfully compromised if every criminal, on such a plea, was allowed to escape. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that there is a morbid condition of the brain, distinct from that common liability to criminal impulse to which all mankind, in their soundest condition of health, are liable: in this morbid condition, one or more of the impulsive affections are deeply perverted, while the intellectual faculties are little, if at all, injured. Between these two states, an ordinary jurymen cannot be expected to discriminate scientifically. But if he recollects that public safety is the end of criminal punishment, that this safety would be deeply endangered if the sane were excused, while, on the other hand, it is in no respect favoured by punishing the truly diseased, he will neither suffer himself to be mastered by fear on the one hand, nor by mistaken humanity on the other. He should re-

member that it is not the atrocity of the offence he is trying, but the pathological condition of the subject. With this clue to his inquiries, he may comprehend the bearings of medical evidence, and even effectually cross-examine a witness, so as to discover whether or no the plea is more probably sophistical than honest; and this is all that in the present state of the law can be expected at his hands.

There are other points connected with this subject, of so much public interest, that we shall again advert to it. In the meantime, we may observe, that the work before us is the production of an American physician, and is written in a spirit of enlarged philosophy, rare indeed among our own writers on medical jurisprudence.

The Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare. Vol. I., Histories. London, Knight & Co.

PICTORIAL illustrations may either be facts or fancies; the former setting before us the realities which constitute the background and adjuncts of the poet's picture, and thus facilitating the efforts of imagination to give form, feature, and position to the characters; the latter, taking a higher aim, profess to represent the ideal with the pencil. The success of the fanciful illustrator rarely bears any proportion to the daring of his attempt; for the very essence of fancy is to know no limits,—beyond the furthest point of its perfection a shadowy infinity is opened to view—when it has aggregated all known elements of moral or physical loveliness, it dwells not upon these so much as upon “the others besides,” of which it seems to catch a vague and distant glimmering. Thus in the work before us, though we admit the general merit of Mr. Harvey's designs, we feel grieved and annoyed that he should have presumed to substitute his crude pencil realities for our own beautiful imaginings; he has not given us, and he could not give us *our* Juliet, *our* Miranda, or *our* Desdemona; we could not pourtray them ourselves, even had we his facility of hand, for there are idealities whose existence is perilled when we attempt to embody them. But the facts which this edition brings before us—the illustration of places, manners, costume—more than compensate for the failure of the fancies; they give life and reality to the descriptions. Such illustrations, instead of limiting the imagination, give it fresh impulse. The facts necessary to the full enjoyment of our great dramatist are here ably and admirably illustrated. On all points of scenery, manners, and costume, this edition is an authority without a rival, and likely to continue so—at least for the present generation.

But though this edition derives its name from its pictorial illustrations, these do not constitute its sole, and scarcely its highest merit. The commentaries of the editor display knowledge without pedantry, sagacity without dogmatism, and are “written in a spirit of reverence, seeking to understand and define what the poet wrote,” rather than of presumption, which believes that it is as easy to amend as to disparage. He has shown that enthusiasm may be reconciled to common sense, and that high admiration may exist without idolatry.

This, the first volume, contains the historical plays:—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—*King John*—*Romeo and Juliet*—*Love's Labour's Lost*—*Richard II.*—*Henry IV., Parts 1 and 2*—and *Henry V.* It has been often urged, as if disparagingly, that Shakspeare was indebted to others for the general outline of many of these dramas. This might be admitted, we think, without at all affecting the high character which his countrymen claim for him: the triumph of genius is not in absolute creation—in the evoking of something out of nothing, were such an achievement possible—

but in giving the stamp and impress of itself to materials at the command of everybody; absorbing, purifying, and amalgamating the rough ores which, without such a process, would have been worthless or unknown. The Agamemnon is not less the work of Æschylus, because “the tale of Troy divine” was sung by Homer; the trilogy of the *Œdipus* would not be depreciated, had the fortunes of his fated family been sung by a thousand Theban bards before they were appropriated by the Athenian dramatist; the rainbow is not less the child of heaven because the drops of which it is composed have been exhaled from earth, and are only rendered glorious by reflected light. So far are we from deeming the character of Shakspeare injured by tracing him to his sources, that we like nothing better in this edition than the illustrations which it offers of the baser metal which his genius transmuted into gold.

The tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, as is well known, is one of those founded on previous imaginative works—whether on a novel, or the *Palace of Pleasure*, is a matter of little consequence: that he was “wretchedly misled in his catastrophe,” because he had not read *Luigi da Porto*, is an absurdity worthy of refutation, and we cannot do better than quote the observations of the present editor:—

“Warton says, ‘Shakspeare, misled by the English poem, missed the opportunity of introducing a most affecting scene by the natural and obvious conclusion of the story. In Luigi's novel, Juliet awakes from her trance in the tomb before the death of Romeo.’ Shakspeare missed! Shakspeare missing the opportunity! Shakspeare working in the dark! Let us see what has been done by those who were not ‘misled,’ and who seized upon ‘the opportunity.’ Garrick has written sixty lines of good, orthodox, commonplace dialogue between Romeo and Juliet in the tomb, in which Romeo, before he begins to rave, talks very much in the style of Shenstone's shepherds,—as, for example,—

‘And all my mind was happiness and thee.’

Garrick, moreover, has omitted all such Shakspearian images as would be offensive to superfine ears, such as—

—‘here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chamber-maids.’

And yet, with all his efforts to destroy the beautiful, and all his managerial skill to thrust forward that species of pathetic which the actor delights in, for the purpose of exhibiting himself and bringing down the galleries, Romeo and Juliet, according to Mrs. Inchbald, “seldom attracts an elegant audience. The company that frequent the side-boxes will not come to a tragedy, unless to weep in torrents; and Romeo and Juliet will not draw even a copious shower of tears.” Why not? The vulgar pathos that Garrick has daubed over Shakspeare's catastrophe, with the same skill with which a picture dealer would mend a Correggio, only serves to make the beauty, that he has been constrained to leave untouched, more unintelligible to “the company that frequent the side-boxes.” The whole thing has become out of keeping. Instead of the sweetness that “ends with a long deep sigh, like the breeze of the evening,” we have a rant about “cruel, cursed fate,” which shrieks like the gusty wind in the chinks of a deserted and poverty-stricken hut. Instead of that beautiful close, in which “the spring and the winter meet; winter assumes the character of spring, and spring the sadness of winter,” we have here a fierce storm:—“such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,—which produces the effect of mere physical terror. Instead of ‘the flower that is softly shed on the earth, yet putting forth undying odours,’ we have the rank and loathsome weeds of the chancel-house. It is some praise to our age that any new attempts to ‘improve’ Shakspeare would not be tolerated.”

In the novel and poem we have an interesting tale of true love, such as might have occurred in any age and country where angry factions prevailed. In Shakspeare we have the eternal struggle between the two principles of our nature—between the carnal, clinging to the earth its

mother, and the spiritual, aspiring to heaven its home; not discussed in philosophic abstraction, but living, breathing, existing in circumstances; fixed on the one side to time and place, soaring on the other to that eternity where the contest which occupies man from his cradle to his grave can alone terminate. Mr. Knight's commentary on this subject is equally true and beautiful:—

“As we approach the catastrophe, the poetical cast of Romeo's mind becomes even more clearly defined than in the earlier scenes. It was first fanciful, then imaginative, then impassioned—but when deep sorrow has been added to his love, and he trends upon the threshold of the world of shadows, it puts on even a higher character of beauty. We have elsewhere spoken of the celebrated speech of the ‘Apothecary,’ refusing to believe that it forms an exception to the general character of the beauty that throws its rich evening light over the closing scenes. The gentleness of Romeo is apparent, even while he says—

‘The time and my intents are savage wild;’

for he adds, with a strong effort, to his faithful Balthazar,

‘Live, and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow.’

His entreaties to Paris—‘O begone!’—are full of the same tenderness. He is constrained to fight with him—he slays him—but he almost weeps over him, as ‘One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.’

The remainder of Romeo's speech in the tomb, is, as Coleridge has put it, ‘the master example, how beauty can at once increase and modify passion.’

‘O here,

Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars,
From this world-weary'd flesh.’

This is the one portion of the ‘melancholy elegy on the frailty of love, from its own nature and external circumstances,’ which Romeo sings before his last sleep. And how beautifully is the corresponding part sung by the waking and dying Juliet:—

‘What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—

O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop,

To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;

Haply some poison yet doth hang on them

To make me die with a restorative.

They have paid the penalty of the fierce hatreds that were engendered around them, and of their own precipitancy. But their misfortunes and their loves have healed the enmities of which they were the victims. ‘Poor sacrifices!’ Capulet may now say,

‘O, brother Montague, give me thy hand.’

They have left a peace behind them which they could not taste themselves. But their first ‘rash and unadvised’ contract was elevated into all that was pure and beautiful, by their after sorrows and their constancy; and in happier regions their affections may put on that calmness of immortality which the ancients typified in their allegory of Love and the Soul.”

King John is also founded, and even more literally, on plays which had long had possession of the stage:—

“The King John of Shakspeare (says Mr. Knight) is not the King John of the historians, which Shakspeare had unquestionably studied; it is not the King John of his own imagination, casting off the trammels which a rigid adoption of the facts of those historians would have imposed upon him; but it is the King John, in the conduct of the story, in the juxta-position of the characters, and in the catastrophe,—in the historical truth, and in the historical error,—of the play which preceded him some few years. This, unquestionably, was not an accident. It was not what, in the vulgar sense of the word, is called a plagiarism. It was a submission of his own original powers of seizing upon the feelings and understanding of his audience, to the stronger power of *habit* in the same audience. The history of John had been familiar to them for almost half a century. The familiarity had grown out of the rudest days of the drama, and had been established in the period of its comparative refinement, which immediately preceded Shakspeare. The old play of King John was, in all likelihood, a vigorous graft upon the trunk of an older play, which ‘occupies an intermediate place between moralities and historical plays,—that of ‘*Kyngs Johan*,’ by John Bale, written probably in the reign of Edward VI. Shakspeare, then, had to choose between forty years of stage tradition, and the employ

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As this old play of Bale's has been lately published by the Camden Society, (*Athen.* No. 605,) the reader has an opportunity of comparing it with Shakspeare's. Virgil boasted that he extracted gold from the ore of Ennius, but Bale had not much to reward the labour of washing and sifting. The character of Faulconbridge is, in the more ancient tragedy, that of a gasconading bully—he commands no sympathy; while in Shakspeare his courage is finely tempered by an innate sense of justice; his exuberant animal spirits softened and modified by impulses of tenderness and humanity, as in the scene where he charges Hubert with Arthur's death:—

"It is this instinctive justice in Faulconbridge, (says Mr. Knight)—this readiness to uplift the strong hand in what he thinks a just quarrel,—this abandonment of consequences in the expression of his opinions,—that commands our sympathies for him whenever he appears upon the scene. The motives upon which he acts are entirely the antagonist motives by which John is moved. We have, indeed, in Shakspeare none of the essay-writing contrasts of smaller authors. We have no asserters of adverse principles made to play at see-saw, with reverence be it spoken, like the Moloch and Belial of Milton. But, after some reflection upon what we have read, we feel that he who leapt into Cœur de Lion's throne, and he who hath 'a trick of Cœur de Lion's face,' are as opposite as if they were the formal personifications of subtlety and candour, cowardice and courage, cruelty and kindness. The fox and the lion are not more strongly contrasted than John and Faulconbridge; and the poet did not make the contrast by accident. And yet with what incomparable management are John and the Bastard held together as allies throughout these scenes. In the onset the Bastard receives honour from the hands of John,—and he is grateful. In the conclusion he sees his old patron, weak indeed and guilty, but surrounded with enemies,—and he will not be faithless. When John quails before the power of a spiritual tyrant, the Bastard stands by him in the place of a higher and a better nature."

One source of popular error in respect to Shakspeare is, judging of his characters from their representations on the stage. The stage versions of the dramas are sullied by absurd alterations; and in many of the characters, as now represented, the author would scarcely recognize his own creations. Mr. Knight has directed attention to this great evil in his able analysis of the character of Falstaff:—

"Falstaff, the 'unimitated, unimitable Falstaff,' was the poetical creation that was absolutely necessary to the conduct of the great dramatic action,—the natural transformation of 'the mad-cap Prince of Wales' into King Henry V. So, indeed, were all the satellites which revolve round Falstaff, sharing and reflecting his light. It is the perfect characterization of this drama which makes the incidents consistent: the characters cannot live apart from the incidents; the incidents cannot move on without the characters. If we attempt to unravel the characters, and the complicated character of Falstaff especially, without reference to the incidents, we are speedily in a labyrinth. The vulgar notion of Falstaff, for example, is the stage notion. Mrs. Inchbald truly remarks, 'To many spectators, all Falstaff's humour is comprised in his unwieldy person.' But the same lady adopts an equally vulgar stage generalization, and calls him 'the cowardly Falstaff.' The 'wit' of Falstaff, though slightly received into the stage conception of the character, is a very vague notion, compared with the bulk and the cowardice of Falstaff. Mrs. Inchbald (we are quoting from her prefaces to the acted plays) says, 'The reader who is too refined to laugh at the wit of Sir John, must yet enjoy Hotspur's picture of a coxcomb.' The refinement of the players is even more sensitive; for they altogether leave out in the representation the scene where Falstaff and the prince alternately stand for the King and Harry,—a scene to which nothing of comic that ever was written, except, perhaps, a passage or two in Cervantes, can at all approach. The players, however, are consistent. Their intolerance of poetry

and of wit are equal. Not a line do they keep of the matchless first scene of the third Act, than which Shakspeare never wrote anything more spirited, more individualized, more harmonious. But we are digressing. Falstaff, then, we see in the rude general conception of his character is fat, cowardly, and somewhat witty. The players always double and quadruple the author's notion of his fat and his cowardice; and they kindly allow us a modicum of his wit. To be fat and to be cowardly, and even to have some wit, would go far to make an excellent butt for a wild young prince; but they would not make a Falstaff. These qualities would be, to such a prince as Shakspeare has conceived, little better than Bardolph's nose, or the Drawer's 'anon, anon, sir.' To understand Falstaff, however, we must take him scene by scene, and incident by incident; we must study his character in its development by the incidents."

The true canon by which the poet should be estimated, has been simply but powerfully stated by Coleridge, "working in the spirit of nature by evolving the germ from within, by the imaginative power according to an idea." It is not the incident however striking, it is not the plot however ingenious, it is not the language however poetic, it is the character true to human nature, conceived in its first germ whilst it as yet *latet arcanâ innervabile fibrâ*, and then developed equally in its strength by which it aspires to divinity, and in its weakness by which it clings to humanity. It is in this æsthetic aspect that Mr. Knight examines Shakspeare, and it is thus alone that the poet can be truly estimated. It may be said with truth, the story should have ended here,—the action might have had a different termination,—such and such incidents seem unnecessary to the completion of the narrative. But before allowing a hearing to such objections, it must be borne in mind that the drama, at least in the hands of Shakspeare, is not a story, nor a history, nor a narrative of any kind; it is the evolution of a conception as nature herself evolves it, by action; the working out of a great idea by other subordinate ideas great and small, as is done in the inmost recesses of the heart, and in all great events on the theatre of the world. The struggle between the animal and spiritual tendencies of our nature meets us everywhere, and in every variety of form; there is no mere villain, no paragon of virtue; life is shown as it exists—"a mingled yarn, good and ill together." The ridiculous not only stands close to the sublime, but is actually blended with it; the slave who rode in the triumphal car with the conqueror, typified a principle of degradation within the victor's bosom; and human life is, in fact, the apologue of the Beauty and the Beast.

We ought not perhaps to conclude without some few words of commendation, but such common-place formality would insufficiently express what we feel—and as to the success of the work, it was certain after the publication of the first number.

Historical, Literary, and Artistic Travels in Italy, a complete and methodical Guide for Travellers and Artists. By M. Valery. Translated from the second corrected and improved edition by C. E. Clifton. Paris, Baudry.

In his preface M. Valery sets forth, among his special qualifications, the unintermitted study of twelve years, and the experience gathered in four visits to the country of which he treats; and, before apologizing for a condensation of style, rendered inevitable by the quantity of his materials, he expresses his wish, "that if it have no other merit, his book may become a kind of portable library, and be of service as a methodical catalogue of the vast museum of Italy." Thus forewarned, the reader has no right to complain if he does not find in his closely-packed volume any of those glowing and poetical

descriptions of scenery, any of those exclusive speculations on the past glorious estate of Pagan or Papal Italy, which seem so naturally to arise out of the subject with a tourist possessing a quick fancy or a reflective mind. But if M. Valery be somewhat dry and laconic in his manner, it is that he may give facts instead of fancies: his may not be the work upon Italy most agreeable to read, but it is among those most valuable to consult. We shall pass through it somewhat discursively, noticing those less familiar features which appear to us better brought out by our author than by others of the travelling fraternity.

We approach Italy from Geneva, passing Ferney:—*apropos* of which, M. Valery gives in a note an anecdote of Voltaire, which he believes has not heretofore been published:—

"A poacher was caught and taken before Voltaire. 'The rogue must be defended,' said he, after throwing himself back in his easy chair, and he named Wagnière as his counsel, who refused, however, from I know not what motive, and M. Mailly-Chateaurenau, then Voltaire's second secretary, under the name of M. Esprit, and subsequently deputy of Franche-Comté at the States-general, was ordered to replace him. In the midst of his pleading, M. Esprit stopped suddenly, and said he wanted a volume to read a quotation, that this volume was in the library of M. de Voltaire, and that he could find it in a moment; the high judiciary allowed him to go for it. On his return, as he kept turning over the leaves in vain without speaking, Voltaire lost his patience, and asked what book it was. 'It is your *Philosophical Dictionary*,' coolly replied M. Chateaurenau, 'I am looking for the word *Humanity* there, and I find you have forgotten it.' Voltaire was struck by this remark, and dismissed the poacher with a present of six francs. It is a fact that the word *Humanity* is not in the *Philosophical Dictionary*."

From Ferney, M. Valery proceeds by Coppet, Chamouny, (not forgetting the visit of St. Francis de Sales,) St. Maurice, Chillon, the Rousseau district, Lausanne, (haunted by Gibbon's spirit,) the pass of the Simplon—every line in the three and twenty pages devoted to this route, containing a notice, an allusion, or an anecdote packed away with the utmost economy of space. In a like fashion does he advance by Ivrea, with its strong and frowning castle, and Vercelli, with its vast Church of St. Andrew, identical, it is stated, in design with a church at Winchester, the plan of which, Bicchieri, the Legate to England, brought away with him,—and Novara, where he finds, in the library of the seminary, among the editions of the fifteenth century, the "*Dictionarium Alphabetico Ordine* of Fra Nestor Denis, a scholar of Novara, the first author of a dictionary, less known than Calepino, who succeeded him, and, like the others, plundered him without acknowledgment." Nor does he forget "the famous heresiarch, Fra Dulcino, head of the sect of Gazzari, a sort of St. Simonians," who was burnt with "the beautiful Marguerite," a nun whom he had persuaded to join with him in advocating his opinions;—perhaps for this very martyrdom, if we are to believe the *Divina Commedia*, "recognized" as the diplomats say, by Mahomet, in the world of shadows. Next, of course, comes Milan, to the curiosities and treasures of which M. Valery appears a minute, and not (as has been already hinted) a too loquacious guide. We may here remark, that he appears everywhere to write with greater unction of the library than of the picture gallery or the hall of sculpture, or the *Conservatorio*. He expatiates lovingly on the riches of the Ambrosian library; and regrets, with good cause, that—

"It is particularly difficult to make researches at the Ambrosian. Would it be believed that its illustrious founder, Cardinal Federico Borromeo, has forbidden the making of a catalogue? It is said that it cannot be effected without a dispensation from

Rome. The existing apology for a catalogue is truly a mere cipher; the authors are arranged by their Christian names, which in Italy certainly have more importance than with us; in this list there is a crowd of Johns, Jameses, and Peters, and to find Petrarch one must look for Francis. To increase the perplexity still more, there is no title on the backs of the books; the aspect of these nameless volumes covering the walls of the immense hall, is somewhat intimidating, and were it not for the good fame of the founder, one might think ill of all this occult science. The librarians, however, know pretty well what they have and what they have not; but they only consult their memory, and the catalogue is purely traditional. It is not easy to explain the prohibition of Cardinal Federico; he had sought and collected at great expense books and manuscripts in all Europe and even in the East, had appointed learned men to explain and publish them, had attached to the Ambrosian an excellent printing office no longer in existence, and yet he timidly concealed a part of these very discoveries; it is impossible to show at the same time more zeal and love for learning, and to take more precautions against it."

The library contains about 60,000 printed volumes, and 10,000 manuscripts. Among the more interesting works is the Virgil of Petrarch, in which is his impassioned note on Laura. "Another inscription by Petrarch, less noticed, regards the death of his natural son Giovanni, at the age of twenty-five, canon of Verona, who had robbed his father and given him much trouble. This Virgil seems the depository and confidant of Petrarch's sorrows." "The marginal notes of Petrarch, and those on the bottom of the pages, seem in the same handwriting as the note on Laura; but these lengthy and numerous notes, with quotations from other ancient authors and critical collations, must be little worthy of this erudite poet, since S. Mai has not thought them of sufficient importance to publish. Perhaps they are of Petrarch's youth, when his father snatched from him, and threw into the fire, the Virgil he was secretly reading, instead of studying the *Decretales*." There also, "in a large square wooden chest," are "the celebrated palimpsesti of the pleading of Cicero for Scaurus, Tullius and Flaccus." The numerous manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci have been dispersed; one only remains in the Ambrosian:—

"A volume of great size, called *Codice Atlantico*, containing machines, figures, caricatures, and notes collected by Pompeo Leoni. The letters are written from right to left, in the Eastern manner, and can only be read with a mirror. Like his worthy rival Michael Angelo, Leonardo Vinci was also scholar, sculptor, architect, engineer, chemist, mechanic, and man of letters; with such men the multiplicity of accomplishments, instead of injuring each other, seems, on the contrary, to extend and strengthen them. The sight of this singular manuscript, with its reversed characters, proves by its manner, how the influence of the East was reflected on Italy in Leonardo's age, and to how great an extent the genius of Italy was indebted to it for warmth and brilliancy."

There are also

"Ten letters from Lucrezia Borgia to Cardinal Bembo, at the end of which is a piece of Spanish verse by the latter, breathing an exalted spirit of the purist Platonism; the answer of the lady is much plainer, and she accompanied it with a lock of her flaxen hair. Thus does the bottom of this mysterious portfolio, this strange pedantic medley of poetry, philosophy, and sensualism, offer a striking characteristic monument of the corruptness of Italian manners in the sixteenth century. This lock of a lady's hair, in a great library, in the midst of old manuscripts, is a striking singularity; one would scarcely have expected to find it there, and it seems strange to confine the custody of such a charge to the doctors of the Ambrosian Library."

It may be observed from collateral testimony, that the exclusion complained of by M. Valery is not chargeable on the Ambrosian Library alone. M. Paul Lacroix (better known under his assumed

name of the Bibliopole Jacob,) has recently returned from a tour in Italy, undertaken for the purpose of examining the principal libraries and archives of that country. The results he has communicated to M. Villemain, the Minister of Public Instruction, in the form of a detailed report, giving an account of upwards of two hundred manuscripts, which throw light on the ancient history and literature of France. In a letter, which precedes this report, M. Lacroix gives an explanation of the motives and manner of his proceedings. Prevented by ill health from residing in Paris during the past winter, he formed the design of seeking, at once, health in the mild climate of Italy, and amongst its literary treasures such materials as might serve for contributions to the collection of hitherto 'Unpublished Documents relating to the History of France.' These famous libraries, which remained hermetically closed under all the seals of the middle ages, and, indeed, were but little explored till the French occupation of Italy, offered, it appears, a harvest far beyond the time and opportunities at his disposal for its reaping; and with a view, therefore, to produce some useful result, he turned his own particular attention to the library of Queen Christina of Sweden, preserved in the Vatican, and especially devoted to the history and literature, civil, political, and ecclesiastical, of France,—leaving to others the task of exploring the many other literary paths that lie amid this wilderness of books, and some of which M. Lacroix has indicated. The pursuit of his own object, however, was surrounded by many difficulties, which operated to narrow the field of his labours. "I had no suspicion," he says, "of the incredible obstacles which oppose themselves to anything like assiduous and continuous labour in the libraries of the Roman state,—more especially in the Vatican,—that unbroken solitude of dusty manuscripts, which exhibit their covers to the foreign tourist, at all hours of all days, subject to the usual fee to their greedy keepers, but open rarely and reluctantly to the student. The vacations at the Vatican cover about two-thirds of the year. It is closed, besides, on the Sunday, Thursday, and Saturday of every week; and the church festivals, the ceremonies of the papal palace, and occasions of public rejoicing, are all so many capricious and inexorable motives for closing its doors. The time of reading, too, unceasingly disturbed by the tread of visitors, is limited to three hours; and even these are frequently abridged by the absence of the librarians. The supply of the manuscripts is slow and difficult, principally on account of the distance between the different apartments through which they are scattered; and the catalogues are full of errors and omissions." The Carnival and the Passion week contributed to limit the time which M. Lacroix could give to the Vatican, and this combination of impediments prevented him examining more than about one hundred manuscripts, selected from the catalogue, compelling him to leave untouched large stores, which he recommends to the exploration of his successors. The libraries of Naples, Monte Cassino, Bologna, Venice, Padua, Parma, Modena, Florence, Genoa, Turin, and Milan, were all successively examined by the indefatigable bibliopole; and from all he has brought something away, and left more behind.

To return from this episode;—some of the private libraries of Milan are more courteously placed at the student's disposal, than the far-famed Ambrosian—the *Trivulgio* collection, in particular, which is rich in manuscripts. To this glimpse of old things, a few lines, giving an insight into the present literary estate of the Lombard capital, may be added:—

"In spite of the literary piracies inevitable in a country divided into little states like Italy, and the ordinary absurdities of the censorship, the book-trade and printing flourish in Lombardy, and at Milan more books are published than at any other town in Italy. The works printed by the Typographic Society of Italian Classics are in general remarkable for clearness and accuracy. *The History of the campaigns and sieges made by the Italians in Spain, from 1808 to 1813*, by S. Vacani, dedicated to the Archduke John, and printed in 1823 at the Royal Office of Milan, notwithstanding some typographical peculiarities, is very superior to the books not long since

printed with the old-fashioned letter of the Royal Office at Paris. *The Fragments of the Iliad*, proceeding from the same press, and published in 1819 by S. Mai, from a manuscript in the Ambrosian, with the figures apparently of the sixth century, whilst the scholia are dated in the thirteenth only, are also a very beautiful book. Among the publications by private individuals is a work entitled *Famiglie celebri d'Italia*, published by Count Pompeo Litta, which is at once magnificent and national. The *Collection of ancient Greek historians* translated into Italian, about sixty volumes of which have already appeared, is a good specimen of typography; some parts of this collection are held in esteem. The publication of the complete works of Ennius Quirinus Visconti, the archaeological and literary parts of which are edited by Doctor Labus, and the plates executed by S. Pagani, would do honour to the best French house in the trade."

M. Valery's notices of Monti, Pindemonte, Manzoni, and Cesari, occupy little more than a fourth of the space which he bestows on his personal reminiscences of La Scala. These, it is needless to say, as treating of ephemeral matters, are all but valueless in a guide-book. We may further add, that in all his dramatic and musical criticisms there recurs such a complacent and truly national echo of the *Académie Royale* and the *Théâtre Français*, as in a great degree to invalidate his authority. Far more genial, and to the purpose, are his notices of the University at Pavia—of the ancient library established by the Sforzas, at Petrarch's instance, some of the richest spoils of which are now in the *Bibliothèque Royale* at Paris—and of the bust of Boethius, in front of the Malaspina Palace, which reminds the lover of learning, that that sage was imprisoned at Pavia, and lies buried in the now desecrated church of Saint Peter in *ciel d'oro*, not far from his admirer, King Liutprand. After leaving Pavia, M. Valery lingers in Como, where he points out with enthusiasm, as literary attractions, "the magnificent Lyceum, founded in 1824," its library, "decorated with a large statue, by Bernini, of St. Isidore keeping his oxen," and the superb Casino, or reading-room, which he describes as "superior to all those of the same kind in Paris." The more hackneyed beauties of the Lake are not forgotten.

Bergamo, till Schlegel wrote, renowned as the birth-place of Harlequin, and still not wholly despoiled of its interest for the play-goer, as being the cradle of the most celebrated tenor singers in Italy, is next visited; then Brescia, "illustrated" by its fighting ladies, "who, with cuirasses and lances, repulsed the redoubtable Piccinino in the assault he made on their town in 1412," and by Bayard's protection of the Lady Cigola and her daughters. Brescia, too, claimed M. Valery's attention, in right of its library, containing eight and twenty thousand volumes, the gift to the town of Voltaire's correspondent, Cardinal Quirini, and of the antiquities recently discovered. Brescia, indeed, "is the town which has more inscriptions and fountains than any other in Italy, Rome excepted." The churches, too, are rich, and contain many pictures by the less famous Italian artists;—among these, only one, by Savoldo, the noble Brescian amateur, whose portrait of the lady in the brown mantle is as well known as one of the attractions of the Italian division of the Berlin Picture Gallery. Verona is richer in associations—far richer in antiquities, churches, and palaces, than in book rarities. The library was founded only in 1802, and contains but ten thousand volumes. M. Valery, of course, visited Gargagnano, where Dante wrote his 'Purgatory,' and is more prolix than usual in his notice of Fraacastorius, whose house is still to be seen situated on the Hill of Incaffi, at the foot of Montebaldo, between the Adige and Lake Garda, with the loop-holes over the door, required for observation of and defence

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against the *Bravi*, who, in those days, spared not even such harmless and useful members of society as poets and physicians. At Azzano, too, the traveller dwells with pleasure on the celebrity of the great Isotta Nogarola, "a learned lady, well skilled in philosophy and theology, and famous for her dialogue on the fall of our first parents, in which she pleads for Eve against Adam, who is defended by her brother before the Podesta Novagero, who gives his decision."

"One of her chief works, (continues M. Valery,) was a discourse, addressed to Pope Pius II. and the princes assembled at Mantua, inviting them to a crusade against the Turks. She was honoured by the praises of Ermalao Barbaro, Mario Filelfo, and excited the admiration of Cardinal Bessarion, who went from Rome to Verona to pay her a visit. * * The portrait of Isotta is in one of the rooms of the manor-house; her features are broad and strong; her mien somewhat vulgar: she is clothed in black and white, and, except the veil, her costume is not unlike that of a gray nun. Beneath is a Latin inscription, purporting, that it is doubtful whether she was more admirable for learning or conduct."

"The greater part of the Italian women then famous for their learning, were not less illustrious for their strict principles. Some even seem not quite free from a kind of affectation and mania; such is the famous Veronica Gamba, of Brescia, born in the same century with Isotta: she lost her husband in her youth, and wore mourning for him to the day of her death; her apartment continued hung with black; her carriage was always of the same colour, and her horses were always the blackest she could procure."

A notice or two of literary and artistic celebrities of the stronger sex will harmonize with the general tone of our extracts:—

"Colognola was the abode of Bonfadio and the theme of his song (*de villa Coloniola*). The house in which he was received, probably by some Spanish lord, Magnæ Alcon sylvis cognitus Hesperie,

is near the great Portulupi villa. The small garden is more properly a terrace, whence the view is very fine, extending over all the valley. But yew-trees and cypresses have succeeded to the hazels under whose shade Bonfadio received from his Phillis that platonic kiss, a cold and refined pleasure, not at all resembling the *dere baiser* of Julie. I had some trouble to find this house of Bonfadio; the people of the village always directed me to that of the Signor Bonifacio, and this fact appeared to me a fresh instance of the little popularity of literary names, since literature has become a closet study. The letters of Bonfadio, though rather elaborate, are interesting for the philosophic and literary passion that they breathe. * * Not far from Colognola are the châteaux of the Counts Pompei, an old Veronese family: that of Count Alessandro, built in 1737, is of his own architecture, as the inscription announces. The Venetian school of architecture is distinguished by one peculiarity, namely, that it has produced besides clever architects by profession, a considerable number of amateurs, belonging to the more elevated classes of society, and altogether worthy of the name of artist by their proficiency and the style of their buildings. Count Alessandro Pompei, the editor of San Micheli, is in the first rank of these illustrious amateurs. The chateau of Illasi was his first attempt; soon after there arose, in the environs of Verona, similar palaces from his designs for the Marquis Pindemonte and Count Giuliani, palaces which are like traditions of Palladio's style, and Verona itself is indebted to him for its splendid customhouse."

Our last halting-place with M. Valery, before he arrives at Venice—on the threshold of which town we must leave him for the present week—will be at Asiago, the principal place of the little-visited *Sette Comuni*. The following sketches are new to us:—

"I spent four days in going over the celebrated *Sette Comuni*, tribes of real mountaineers, but little known, species of Alpine Batuecas, that some learned men and travellers have been inclined to imagine of Cimbric and Teutonic descent. * * From Vicenza to Marostica, the road is a continual ascent through fields of flints. Marostica has produced some

learned men, and of them, the celebrated Prospero Alpino, a physician, traveller, and great botanist, was the person who introduced coffee into Europe, which, in spite of Madame de Sévigné, was no more destined to be forgotten than Racine. From Marostica to Asiago, the chief place of the *Sette Comuni*, the journey is a true mountain excursion, and none of the smoothest, which can only be accomplished afoot or on mules. But the views in these mountains are beautiful; the Brenta becomes visible there, and as the traveller climbs the steep, his eye commands a greater portion of its course. * * On the road, and not far distant, are the ruins of the old government-house of the *Sette Comuni*, which was overthrown by an avalanche, the sole conspirator against this state, the only enemy, the only barbarian which ever ventured to assault and destroy such a palace. * * Asiago is not without a sort of rustic dignity; its streets are well laid out, and it has several fountains, with wooden taps. The church is solidly built; it contains the tombs of some old families of the country, covered with large slabs of marble, and the steeple, with its clock by the great Ferracino, rises proudly on the flattened top of the mountain, which is clothed with no vegetation but grass. It seems, that strangers rarely frequent the *Sette Comuni*, for my arrival in their capital was quite an event: my chamber at the inn was filled with a curious crowd in the evening, and, in accordance with the Italian fashion, they first honoured me with a visit, as at Rome and Florence. The gendarme, whose zeal was less flattering, also came to ask for the everlasting *passaporto*: this military personage had not yet either arms or uniform, simply carrying the police staff. The society of Asiago is composed of seven or eight officials, living at the inn or coffee-house: these are the judge, the police magistrate, their two deputies, and three lawyers. These last have plenty of occupation, for the natives of the *Sette Comuni* are very litigious. The cleverest of these lawyers, but recently established at Asiago, had found on his arrival sixty causes on questions of property, rent-claims for money, wheat, Turkey corn, &c., and the population is under four thousand. When I visited him, I could not suppress my astonishment at the quantity of papers piled up in his office. Shepherds and manufacturers,—the *Sette Comuni* are famous for their straw hats, which are even carried to Paris; their tobacco is good, and their timber excellent for building,—these men have neither the innocence of the former, nor the good faith and integrity that ought to characterize the latter. Although the day of my arrival at Asiago was a Sunday, the costume of the female peasants struck me as by no means pleasing. They wear large round hats, like the men's, and their dark-coloured habits are ugly, differing but little from those worn on the plain. Instead of mountain airs and songs, I was unable, as at Chamouny, to procure anything but some dull German canticles. The dialect of the *Sette Comuni* is daily growing obsolete, as their primitive manners have imperceptibly passed away. How singular that the only work printed in this savage tongue is the *Doctrine of the Jesuit Bellarmine*; which was attacked by Bossuet, and suppressed by Maria-Theresa, as contrary to the temporal power! * * On the second day that I passed at Asiago, one of the four great annual fairs was held: the merchandize consisted of coarse haberdashery, and vast quantities of those frightful round hats common to both sexes. The cattle fair, outside the town, on a grassy eminence, surrounded by huge fragments of rock, was more picturesque. Under the Venetian government, the inhabitants of the *Sette Comuni* did not pay tribute; they had the right of electing their magistrates, were governed by their own laws, and enjoyed other privileges besides, of which smuggling was not the least. Report says, that they can scarcely resign themselves to the loss of the latter, which they exercise to the extent of their power. Notwithstanding the universal decline of the picturesque in manners, some old usages still subsist in this country; if, like certain mountaineers of Auvergne, these people no longer marry exclusively among themselves—if they no longer manufacture their cloth—if the merry musketry of their wedding-feasts is no more heard—in a word, if their joyous ceremonies are nearly lost, like the ancient Germans, they still assemble to weep over the tomb of their dead, for whom they wear

mourning a whole year, consisting of a heavy frock of black cloth, which they never relinquish, however hot the weather may be. At the procession of Rogation week, which they rather pompously call *giro del mondo* (going round the world), they make a half-way repast; for there is something Bacchic and German in the otherwise very fervent devotion of these mountaineers; and on the last day, the young maidens present to their lovers one, two, or three eggs, according to the degree of their attachment. The clergyman of Asiago is still elected by the people, who vote by ballot with a red or white ball; the red is affirmative, the other negative. The priest had been elected in this manner about a month before (September, 1828). The bishop proposes four candidates, and in this case the one chosen was third on the list: the choice, however, is not absolutely restricted to the four thus named. Amid the extensive levelling of the Austrian administration, religion only has preserved to the *Sette Comuni* some vestiges of their ancient rights. * * Asiago is the country of one of the most clever modern Latin poets, Giovanni Costa, professor and director of the celebrated college of Padua, called the seminary, who died in 1816, in the eightieth year of his age. His *Carmina*, which have gone through several editions, and his fine translation of Pindar, in three vols. 4to., ought to render his name illustrious."

Though we promise ourselves the pleasure of a future gleanings from the rich fields before us, we cannot take leave, on the present occasion, without recording our impression, that the formality of the author's style has been exaggerated, rather than mitigated, by his translator.

ANTHOLOGY FOR 1839.

Our utmost exertions scarcely suffice to keep up a mere Catalogue Raisonné of publications in this department. If we pause but for a few weeks, we are overwhelmed with accumulations. Fortunately, one-third at least may be summarily disposed of—they are not worth notice. They are only remarkable as offering extraordinary examples of faults common to all. Some other characteristics of the class may be worth a word of comment. We could select a dozen volumes from the heap before us, but we prefer letting our shaft fly at random, respecting which, though critics might differ as to their comparative merits, all impartial and competent persons must agree that the writers have not done justice to themselves and their powers. The majority seem to be of opinion that poetry, like "reading and writing, comes by nature"—that "the be all and the end all" is a mere question about metre and rhyme, and that it is not necessary to be very particular even in such matters. Thus their best things are but happy thoughts struck off at a moment, and they will not take the decent trouble even to polish and perfect these trifles. We really wish, if there be any one among them confident in his strength, and strong in his ambition, that he would patiently consider the long and devoted application which others, and the greatest, have thought needful preparation for this high art—that he would remember that all great poets have been men of vast acquirement, no matter how, when, or where, their knowledge was obtained; and surely such consideration would make him pause before he registered his name among the poets—the weakest, vainest, and most ignorant class which trouble and perplex us.

There is another point of view from which this subject may be considered, and another wish to which we shall give utterance on this occasion; and it is, that some political economist would explain to us how it is that while other commodities are subject to that self-adjusting process which makes production wait upon consumption, poetry alone should form so singular an exception to the rule, and make its appearance almost in an inverse ratio to the demand which exists for it. To prove the existence of this curious phenomenon, we need only appeal to the hundred and more volumes which, during the past year have passed under review, and the fifty or more which, during our late flirtation with philosophy, have been accumulating around us, and which threaten ere long, rebellious subjects as they are, to barricade us literally within the walls of our citadel until their claims shall have been attended to.

Meanwhile we have but one course to pursue, and as in such a state of affairs decision is the best counsellor, we shall seize, without further parley, on the person of one of the ringleaders, by name Simon Gray; who being questioned concerning his past life, maketh answer, that having early enlisted in the dramatic line, he hath during the last fifty years perpetrated "twenty-one tragedies, of which eleven are historical, twenty-eight comedies, a burlesque tragedy, a burlesque comedy, a burlesque romantic drama, and two burlesque operas." From this catalogue of crime Mr. Gray has selected two individual specimens, entitled 'The Spaniard, a tragedy,' and 'The Young Country Widow, a comedy,' doubtless the two burlesques alluded to above, although the author has preferred that we should ascertain the fact rather from internal evidence than any prefatory statement of his own. When we add, that the former of these productions received, half a century since, the imprimatur of Dr. Blair, we feel that it would be ungenerous to say anything that might shake the feeling of self-satisfaction on the part of the author, which has been strengthened by a testimony so flattering; in truth, we could as soon have broken the smoothness of Narcissus's Fountain Mirror, with the pebbles which lay scattered at its brim, as disturb for one moment the complacency of our poet, as set forth in the following soliloquy:—

"Among the many sound, instructive, and admirably expressed observations by Horace, on the art of poetry, there is none more worthy of the attention of the tragic dramatist than the following:

—Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.

"If I might reason from this test, I could say very honestly, that there would be among my readers some tears for the sorrows both of Elzora and of Relvindez. Hundreds of times, it will easily be conceived, as I have read more or less of this my maiden essay, and stale, as it may be supposed, the various scenes must have become, I never read still without my eyes filling, I really think, as much as at first. Indeed, this result has somewhat puzzled me as a critic. For though some of my other tragic pieces have pathetic stories, I do not find they affect me quite in the same way as this."

The sorrows of a parent should be sacred—let us take a hint from the classic painter, and veil an emotion beyond the reach of either the pencil or the pen.

'The Lords of Ellingham,' a drama, by Henry Spicer, being destitute of the author's own commendation, enables us to bestow ours without any dread of making foreign honey a sauce to home-made sugar. With less pretension, it possesses more merit than the generality of such attempts. We could instance many passages combining both poetic beauty and dramatic interest. The following scene needs no introduction:—

Countryman. Who comes here?
Wounds! but he bears him cheerily!
Citizen. 'Tis Markham,
He who was page at court. The silken traitor!
Look how he singles out each pretty face,
With laugh and leer! His hair and garb as trim
As he would seek his lady's bower, not join
The headman's levee!
Maud. He's a proper man.
Would he were uglier! must that smooth fair brow
[Enter Sir Griffin Markham, guarded.
Stoop to the block? I vow I'll speak to him.
[Presses forward and curtsies.
God bless your worship.
Markham. Thanks, my pretty one;
No kinder greeting has been mine to-day,
Ere this—than "knave" and "traitor."—I'll no tongue,
Save thine, to sing mine obsequies. Farewell.
Forward, sirs, forward!

Enter an Officer, hastily.
Officer. Hold!—pause here awhile:
The culprits would confess. You'll pardon, sir,
This brief detention.

Markham. Sir, I've borne my life
Some thirty years, and will endure its weight
Some thirty minutes more, were I but to show
My duty to the king. [Advances a little to the crowd.

In this fair mass
Of honest faces is there one which shows
So much of sympathy, as will not shrink
From kindly office for a man condemned?

[All retire but Latmyer.
But one? and he a beggar! Loyal hearts,
Is treason so contagious? Hither, friend!
Stout honesty oft hides in mean attire.
There's promise in thy rags. [Coming closer to Latmyer.

'Tis said, my friend,
Our senses quicken as their end draws near.
Prishee look unconcerned. Thou'rt Latmyer!
And never trust me, but it glads my heart

To see thy limbs uncumbered by these toys,
And free to do my message. There is one—
Behold her image, Dudley. [Shows a portrait.] I had
thought

To wear it on my breast till the sweet touch
Were felt no longer. See her, Dudley. Say
I loved—no more—yes; tell her, if she hears
I showed a light step and a careless mien
Unto the crowd, it was no part of me:
My spirit's eye shone on a far green vale.
My last prayer for her peace was winged for Heav'n,—
My heart was full of her.

Latmyer. Poor Gencievie!
Markham. Hist! they may note you; these are hanging
tears:
Nay Latmyer, why raffle with that name
My soldier-bearing?

Enter another Officer.
Officer. All is ready now.
The heads are fall'n,—the scaffold cleared,—lead on
To execution.

Markham. Hark! the prompter calls.
Methinks it were scarce manners to keep
Mine audience waiting, now their tragic thirst
Is newly whetted. Latmyer, farewell.
Commend me in all honourable love
To your fair bride. Ne'er yet in woman's shape
Shewed virtue lovelier. I'd fain behold
Your meeting! Get you from this dangerous scene.

[Alone to Latmyer as he retires.
Farewell, sir Clod; I know thou'lt not forget
My mission. Farewell thou, my dark-eyed friend!
On, sirs,—ye chafe me with this funeral pace—
A little faster.

'The Outlaw,' a drama, also in five acts, by R. Story, turns on the Robin Hood propensities belonging in the olden time to the chivalry of Craven in general, and to the son and heir of the Shepherd Lord Clifford, in particular. It will doubtless possess an interest for those whose local sympathies are enlisted in its favour, and by them we leave it to be judged.

'Lanthe,' by Nugent Taylor, is a production which might have transcended from us sundry sage reflections on the boundless confidence which lovers of a certain melancholy class are apt to lavish on an ungrateful public, had we not been kindly anticipated by the author himself, who honestly avows that—"These fragments of thought, like love—the love of woman witherless and fadeless—accord ill with the prejudices and follies, the gauds and mockeries of the world." Assuredly; but does not our Damon perceive that this is the very reason why he should have refrained from publishing them?

'Holkham, the Scene of my Childhood,' and other poems, by Sarah Biller, is a little volume indicative of a trusting and contemplative spirit; but we can strain our courtesy no further.

'Home,' by John Player, is a poem exactly fitted for that sphere which it professes to describe—there it will doubtless win the approbation of many whose judgment is led, under the gentle guidance of friendship, to confirm the sentence which he has already pronounced; but the great world has no such sympathy with the individual. From the evidences of a cultivated mind and amiable disposition visible in every page, we wish that we had been able to bestow our praise in some more definite shape.

'The Sunyassee,' by James Hutchinson, an Eastern tale, evidently formed on the 'Ginour,' *transmutatis transmutandis*: the despairing lover being in the present metempsychosis translated into a Hindoo, and his lady love into a Brahmin's daughter. The author's intimate acquaintance with the works of the noble poet has also led to a slight forgetfulness of the law of *meum* and *tuum* in matters of less moment—witness the following, taken almost verbatim from 'The Siege of Corinth.'

High frowning o'er the vale it stands,
A fortress formed to freedom's hands.

Such coincidences are doubtless accidental; but they serve well to point out the source from which the author's inspiration has been derived.

'Historical Reveries,' by a Suffolk Villager—an unpretending little volume, but containing occasional poetry of a high order. The following extract will justify our praise. There are many others in the book, of equal beauty.

The Peasant's Burial.

"We are forgotten even as they."

They laid him in his early grave
Among the flowers of spring;
When the green boughs began to wave,
And the glad birds to sing;
And happy voices were around
While his was silent in the ground.

I saw his little sisters stand
One moment by the spot,

Then silently seek hand in hand
The home where he was not,
And from the porch I turn'd away
To hide the tears I could not stay.
Sweet laughing child! thy cottage door
Stands free and open now,
But oh! its threshold wears no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy dancing step hath passed away,
Thy merry about is hush'd for aye.
Thy mother by the fire-side sits
And listens for thy call;
And slowly, slowly, while she knits
Her quiet tears downfall;
Her little hindering thing is gone,
And undisturb'd she may knit on.
The evening grey, the evening cold,
Comes down upon the green;
And homeward from the darkling world
Thy father's step is seen;
But oh! to greet him at the door
Thine elfin shadow flits no more!
And when the sabbath summer morn
Shines over wood and fell,
And far along the corn-fields borne
Is heard the village bell;
When the loud waggon is laid by,
And weary beasts feed quietly;
And up the flower'd meadow slide,
Amid the long fresh grass,
Drest in the garb of festal tide,
The early peasants pass;
While round the gray porch gathering,
Their rustic notes the children sing;
He never more must carry thee
To listen to the psalm,
Which o'er the hedge and sheep-strewn lea
Floats in the summer calm;
Its echoes reach thy mother's room,
But oh! they breathe above thy tomb!
Our green churchyard! its narrow bound
Stays not the passer-by;
Yet many a tale is written round
For sorrow-learned eye;
For aching love hath often laid
Its idols in that low tower's shade.
Above a face as bright as thine
The golden wild flowers wave,
Where gay the starry cinque-foils shine
Round little Mercy's grave;
The merriest that was ever seen,
On all the cheerful village-green.
And there—beside the church-yard gate,
In blessed hush there sleeps
The pale thin boy above whose fate
A mother's heart still weeps.
The favourite of the dame's kind rule;
The genius of the village school.
The gipsy child, whose wild bright eyes
Haunted the porch so long,
Far parted from his playmates lies
Amid a sadder throng.
The Hundred-House looks down in gloom
Above poor Hazel's lonely tomb.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A Manual of Christian Antiquities, by the Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A.—This erudite and laborious compilation is written in a spirit of tolerance and charity, sufficiently rare at all times, but particularly so in this our day. It is divided into seven books, which succinctly describe the institutions and practices of the Christian Church, but which only incidentally treat of opinions and doctrines. The first book contains a review of the lives and writings of the Ante-Nicene Fathers. We do not always agree with Mr. Riddle's criticisms: for instance, we think that he has overrated Tertullian and Lactantius, and that on the contrary he has not given their fair meed of praise to Hermias and Minucius Felix; the wit of the former and the affectionate spirit of the latter merited something more than cold and passing commendation; but on the whole, this book contains a very fair estimate of the Fathers, and of the circumstances by which their opinions were modified. The second book treats of the Church, or the general body of Christians. On two points we could wish that its details had been more ample, namely "The Doctrine of the Secret," or the system of instruction reserved only for the initiated; and the class called *Energemens*, or persons supposed to be possessed by evil spirits. The third relates to the ministers of the Church, and of course discusses the *exalta questio* of Episcopacy. Mr. Riddle concedes the point that *episcopus* and *presbyter* originally designated one and the same office, but he contends that they became distinct before the close of the second century. Imitating Bishop Burnet's commentary on the Seventeenth Article, he alternately personates an advocate of the human and of the divine origin of the episcopate, and, like the bishop,

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leaves the question undecided. He thus gives the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches the benefit of the doubt. The fourth book discusses public worship and discipline. The most remarkable chapter is that on Prayers for the Dead, a custom which Mr. Riddle declares to have commenced before the third century, but how long before, he is unable to determine. In the chapter on Creeds he demolishes the authenticity of that ascribed to St. Athanasius,—of course without impugning the doctrines it maintains. He objects to the use of the word *Sacrament* as both ambiguous and figurative; but he shows that the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper were regarded as of greater import than mere rites from the earliest ages of the church. The fifth and sixth books relate to sacred seasons and places, subjects which require no particular remark. The seventh and last discusses special institutions. The constitutions respecting marriage are shown to have been derived from the Roman laws, and not from the Moaic dispensation; the ceremonies used in the solemnization are traced to a Pagan origin. The chapter on the *Agapa*, or love feasts, is full of curious and interesting matter, but the author should have been more precise in his statement of the abuses which led to the abolition of the custom. Several valuable tables are appended to the book, and the work altogether will be found a useful addition to the ecclesiastical library.

Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians, by John Poole, Esq. 2 vols.—Who is there that concerns himself with our Periodical Literature who can have forgotten the Antiquary and the Portrait-painter—the Master of the Ceremonies—the Theatrical Manager—the Bore—the Humbug—or the literary public of that “dear romantic town” Little Pedlington? Following then our Poole, we should have simply announced that Mr. Poole's inimitable papers had been collected and published, but that in turning over the pages of the work for “one laugh more” we chanced to stumble on a piece of satire so pertinent to the moment that we think it right to give the public the benefit of it. Who, before the palmy days of the Jack Sheppards, would not have denounced the following excerpt from a Little Pedlington play-bill as a caricature, even of provincial absurdity?

The performances will commence with an entirely new original, domestic Melodrame, never before performed, and now acted for the first time, founded on the affecting, barbarous, and interesting murder of Martha Squires, to be called

THE HATCHET OF HORROR;

OR,

THE MASSACRED MILKMAID.

In the course of the piece will be introduced a new and splendid representation of

THE FATAL COW-HOUSE,

in which the Murder was committed!

Together with the identical

BLOOD-STAINED HATCHET, WITH A LOCK OF THE

VICTIM'S HAIR STICKING TO IT!!

with which the Murder was committed!!!

And the identical

FAVOURITE COW OF THE MASSACRED MILKMAID!!!!

for which the Murder was committed!!!!

How stands the matter now, most thinking public? Has not the metropolis itself, the centre of enterprise and enlightenment and civilization, become a great “Little Pedlington”?—Every page of these two clever volumes contains matter no less ridiculously applicable to the present condition of literature, art, criticism, and social intercourse.

Tables showing the Temperature of Cove, for the Year 1838, by D. H. Scott, M.D.—The object of these tables is, we presume to show that Cove, near Cork, enjoys the warmest winter and spring of any place in the United Kingdom, and is less subject to those extreme variations so injurious to invalids. It is further intended to prove, by the following table, that it is superior to most places on the continent:

	Jan.	Feb.	March.
Rome	47.6	49.4	52.0
Naples	46.5	48.5	52.0
Nice	45.8	49.0	51.4
Cove	43.5	45.4	45.4
Paris	38.3	44.9	46.8
Bordeaux	41.0	45.0	48.0
Sienna	39.7	40.2	46.2
Genoa	32.0	35.5	41.5

An Abstract of the Evidence, &c. on the State of Crime in Ireland, by D. Leahy, Esq.—The evidence, as published, occupies 1336 folio pages! Some abstract, therefore, was absolutely required. The one

before us appears to have been compiled with care, and, as the number of the question is given, immediate reference may be made to the original, and its accuracy tested.

Burke's Peerage and Baronage.—A new edition (the 6th,) of this useful work has been just issued, and we are assured in the preface that it has undergone a very laborious revision.

Wilson's Tales of the Borders.—The fourth volume of this periodical is now complete.

Gilbert's New Map of England and Wales.—This is a useful travelling map, in which the railways are clearly laid down.

A Pinch—of Snuff, by Dean Snift, of Brazen-Nose. —A companion volume to ‘The Paper—of Tobacco,’ containing, according to the report of the Dean above mentioned, anecdotes of snuff, snuff-boxes, snuff-shops, snuff-takers, and all other matters and things connected therewith. The subject-matter may of course be comprised in a snuff-box—but of the flavour and piquancy superadded we shall give a specimen:—‘Shortly after the breaking out of the French revolution, its advocates denounced our Premier as ‘an enemy to the human race;’ that man, ‘so easy to live with,’ who sung the song about himself, called ‘Billy Pitt the Tory.’ His secretary one day told him that a foreigner, who spoke English tolerably well, had twice or thrice asked to see him; but, not looking like a proper applicant, had been sent away; the great man's time being too precious for him to admit every stranger, who, on frivolous pretences, might seek to gratify an idle curiosity; but this person had said he should return in an hour; the secretary, therefore, thought it his duty to inform Mr. Pitt of such intention; and ask his further orders in the affair. ‘Have the goodness,’ said the minister, ‘to open the top left-hand drawer in that cabinet, and bring me its contents.’ These were a pair of pistols, and a morocco case; opening the latter, he produced a snuff-box, in which was set a portrait. ‘Is that like our visitor?’ asked Mr. Pitt. ‘It is the man, sir,’ answered the secretary. ‘Ha, I have expected him for some days; he is sent over to assassinate me; so, when he calls again, let him be shown up.’ ‘Sir!’ exclaimed the attached retainer, ‘will you expose to danger your life, on which so much depends?’ ‘There will be no danger, I thank you; but you may be within call, if you please.’ Accordingly the Frenchman, on his return, was ushered into the room where William Pitt sat alone, a loaded pistol in one hand, the miniature in the other. ‘Monsieur Mehée de la Touche,’ he said calmly, ‘you see I am, in every way, prepared for you: thanks to an agent employed by this government. Attempt my life, and your own instantly pays the forfeit. At best, I shall have you secured, and given over to the law.’ The intended assassin stood paralyzed and stricken dumb by this coolness. ‘But,’ continued Pitt, ‘there is another alternative; personal safety and high rewards are in your power. Sell your secret services to Great Britain; make your market of whatever information you can procure, that may guard us against the machinations of your country; be, in fact, one of the necessary evils which policy forces us to use in desperate cases; do what no honourable man could do, to save yourself from speedy death; your conscience is stained by intended murder. Comply, perforce, with these conditions, and you shall be as liberally paid, as you must, by all parties, be justly despised.’ The clever miscreant joyfully accepted these terms; and, for many years, earned the bribes of a spy in our behalf.”

List of New Books.—Euclid's Elements, with Appendix, and Supplementary Propositions, by W. D. Cooley, A.B. cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Cooley's Figures of Euclid, with the Enunciations, &c. fc. 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Cambridge Prize Poems, new edit. 6s. 12mo. cl.—Legal Almanac, 1840, 8vo. cl. 4s.—Proust's Antiquities of Chester, imp. 4to. cl. 2s. folio, cl. 3s. 3s., folio, coloured, 5s. 5s.—Franz on the Eye, post 8vo. cl. 7s. 6d.—Foot's Medical Pocket-Book, 1840, 3s. 6d. cl.—The Ball I Live on, or Sketches of the Earth, royal 18mo. cl. 2s.—Levisac's Dictionary, 10th edit. 12mo. roan lettered, 9s.—Fyash's Sure Word of Prophecy, 8vo. cl. 9s.—Mrs. Boddington's Poems, post 8vo. 21s. bds.—Henry of Guize, by G. P. R. James, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—The Friends of Fontainebleau, by W. L. Burdon, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Preferment, or My Uncle the Earl, by Mrs. Gore, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—John's History of the Hebrew Commonwealth, 3rd edit. 8vo. cl. 12s.—Dodridge's Original Sermons, 4 vols. 8vo. cl. 36s.—Bishop Burnett's History of his own Time, 2 vols. imperial 8vo. cl. 24s.—Otto's History of Russian Literature, from the Ger-

man, by Cox, 8vo. cl. 12s.—Bishop Hall's Works, complete. 12 vols. 8vo. cl. 74. 4s.—Crostwaite's Synchronology, 8vo. cl. 15s.—Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, translated by John Black, 2 vols. fc. cl. 12s.—The Belle of a Season, a Poem, by the Countess of Blessington, imperial 8vo. illustrated, 1s. 11s. 6d. silk, 2s. 12s. 6d. proofs.—Jervia's New Rules, 4th edit. 8vo. 16s. bds.—A Gift from Fairy Land, 100 embellishments, crown 8vo. cl. gilt. 12s.—Western India in 1838, by Mrs. Postma, 3 vols. post 8vo. cl. 24s.—The Poetical Works of Thomas Parnley, 8vo. cl. 9s. 6d.—Simson's Euclid, 18mo. new edit. 6s. bd.—Jones's Sheridan's Dictionary, by Birkin, new edit. 3s. 6d.—The roan, lettered.—Auree Sententiae, Select Divinity of the Seventeenth Century, 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Whitcross's Biographical Varieties, 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Morrison on the Millennium, 12mo. cl. 2s.—The Perilous Adventures of Quintin Harwood and his Brother Brian, square cl. 4s. 6d.—Naegele on Obstetric Auscultation, by West, 18mo. cl. 3s.—De Porquet's Parisian Phærology, 12th edit. 12mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Smith's Ancient History, 12mo. cl. 3s. 6d.—Evans's First Lessons in Latin, 12mo. bd. 2s.—Bago's Thoria in the Flesh, 32mo. cl. 1s.—Little Forget-me-Not, 32mo. cl. 1s. 6d. coloured plates, morocco, 4s.—Albert Kenchen's New Weather Almanac, 1840, 12mo. swd. 1s.—Kearsley's Tax Tables, 1840, 12mo. swd. 2s.—Plain Abstract of the Acts of General Interest, 2 & 3 Volumes, 1839, 18mo. swd. 1s.—The Dairy, 18mo. swd. plain, 1s.—coloured, 1s. 6d.—The Meteorologist, by Sincroani, 12mo. swd. 9d.—Watley's Divine and Moral Songs, with Cobbin's Anecdotes and Illustrations, 18mo. cl. 2s.—Dewers on Marriage, Advice to both Sexes, 18mo. swd. 2s.—Ince's Outlines of General Knowledge, 2nd edit. 18mo. swd. 1s.—Enunciations, Figures, &c. of the First Six, Eleventh, and Twelfth Books of Euclid's Elements, 24mo. cl. 3s.—Gielsa, a Tragedy, 8vo. swd. 5s.—Ward's Catalogue of Chemical, Philosophical, &c. Instruments, 12mo. swd. 6d.—Maddock's Liturgy of the Church of England Explained, Vol. I. 18mo. 2s. cl.—Mason's Crumbs, 32mo. cl. 1s.—Davis on Infant Baptism, 18mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Ribbons' Doctrines and Duties, or Faith and Practice, fc. 8vo. cl. 5s.—Maxwell's Observations on Laws, &c. 8vo. cl. 7s. 6d.—The Barrow Diggers, with Illustrations, 4to. cl. 10s.—Glimpses of the Past, by C. Elizabeth, 2nd edit. 12mo. cl. 6s.—Jonah's Portrait, by the Rev. J. Jones, 8th edit. 3s. 6d.—Sedgewick's Home, 18mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Forster's Arabian Nights' Entertainment, 1 vol. royal 8vo. cl. 12s.—The Child's Book of Zoology, by J. H. Fennell, 3s. 6d. cl.—Duff on India and India Missions, 8vo. cl. 12s.—Grierson on the Lord's Supper, fc. 8vo. cl. 3s. 6d.—Giles's Greek-English and English-Greek Lexicon, 8vo. cl. 21s.—De Porquet's Italian Phrase Book, 5th edit. 12mo. cl. 3s. 6d.—De Porquet's Introduction to Parisian Phærology, 6th edit. 12mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Tysa's Shakespeare Illustrated, Division I. imperial 8vo. cl. 6s. 6d.—The Book of Enoch, from the German, by John Baty, 12mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Influence, by the Author of ‘Miriam,’ 3rd edit. 12mo. cl. 7s.—The Peep of Day, 6th edit. 18mo. cl. 3s.—The Adamus Exul of Grotius, by P. Farham, Esq. 8vo. swd. 2s. 6d.—Reminiscences of Past Experience, by Mrs. G. Soper, 24mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Abbott's Caleb in the Country, 32mo. cl. 1s.—Stone's Metropolitan Police Manual, 12mo. bds. 3s. 6d.

BURIAL OF THE LAST BARON.

Heavy as a beating billow

Rung the deep cathedral chime,

Shaking every churchyard pillow

With the peal of mortal time.

Gray and huge St. Cuthbert's trembled

Thro' his skeleton of stone,

Every hollow knell resembled

Huge St. Cuthbert's inmost groan.

Round his hoary turrets waving

Stalwart oaks like willows hung,

Rending their green locks and raving

The sad cypresses among.

Haggard elms and sable larches

Threw a death-glare on the ground,

Lofty pines with leafy arches

Stood like ruined aisles around.

Hark! the dismal trumpets braying

Echo thro' the chancel drear,

Bloodthirsty whine and charger's neighing

Tell the Chieftain's hearse is near.

Gloom without, where tree and tower

Mixing frowns together loom;

Gloom within, where shadows lower

Dark as palls on ashine and tomb.

Thro' the chequered oriel gleaming

Scarce the wintry sun is seen,

Fifteen lamps on statues beaming

Give them still a ghastlier mien.

Hung with rosy darkness over

Yon tall pile its crest doth rear,

Gazing calm at Death above her

The Last Lady rests her here.

On her arm a Cherub sleepeth

In the likeness of a child,

At her feet a Pity weepeth

Soft almost as if she smiled.

Lay the bier down: crosswise on it
Lay the pennon, lance, and sword;
Plumed helm and pearly bonnet
Place—to speak him Knight and Lord.

Gauntlets, mail, and shield, beside him,
Greaves, and gold spurs, at his feet:
'Twas in such garb he did pride him
Foe or lady fair to meet.

Glistening pale before the altar
Six tall tapers feebly burn,
Where the cowed quire doth falter
Hymn and burial prayer in turn.

Mourn around him, ye bold yeomen!
Squire, and page, and damoiselle!
For your rights, against all foemen,
Christ's good soldier, he fought well.

Mourn him gallant and high-hearted!
Flower of chivalry and grace!
Mourn him and his line departed,
The Last Baron of his race!

G. D.

AMERICAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

[The following particulars are from the letters of an officer on board the *Relief*, dated Valparaiso, 14th April, two months later than the last account received in this country.]

We sailed from Rio de Janeiro on the 19th Dec. (see ante, p. 722) for Orange Bay, in Tierra del Fuego, with instructions to run a line of soundings down the coast of Patagonia. We had a delightful passage, in sight of land almost the whole time. On the 21st we were south of the sun. Christmas day was passed in lat. $31^{\circ} 27' S.$, lon. $48^{\circ} 12'$. We had for dinner roast plover, partridges, and green peas, all cooked in France! About the 1st of January we began to see the albatross, and occasionally a seal. On the 9th January we were off Port St. Elena; it was a delightful day. The country appears barren, no large trees, but a stumpy vegetation. The whole coast of Patagonia has the same rough and flat appearance; no thick woods to be seen, nor the least sign of inhabitants; the places called ports are uninhabited.

On the 21st of January we made Cape St. Diego, Staten Land, and arrived at Good Success Bay, so named by Capt. Cook. Here we anchored, and went on shore. The appearance of the land about the Straits of Magellan was very dreary; barren and rugged rocks, mountains covered with snow.—Good Success is a very pleasant bay; the hills are covered with trees, principally beech, birch, and winter's bark; beautiful barberries, with yellow flowers like small roses; bush cranberries, and a great variety of heath-like shrubs. We went on shore, armed to the teeth, but no natives were seen; several huts were found, and other signs of people having been there. Next morning, however, our attention was called by a shouting on shore, when we discovered the natives. The Captain and some of the officers immediately landed. After dinner, I went on shore and saw about fifteen natives round a fire with our men; they were a tall good-looking people, with nothing but a skin thrown over their shoulders. They appeared to be a simple people, and very jealous, not allowing us to go in the direction we supposed their women and children were. They were evidently Patagonians, being taller than the tallest of our men; they had bows and arrows, but no knives. Old iron was everything with them, taking that in preference to bread or meat. Their food was fish and shell fish. They went off early in the afternoon, probably being on a visit to this place. On the whole, I was much pleased with Good Success; the woods reminded me of Brazil, the dead trees being covered with beautiful mosses, ferns, and small flowering plants, and gave me a very different opinion of Tierra del Fuego from what I had been led to expect in books.

We left Good Success on the 23rd January, and anchored on the 24th off New Island. The appearance of the country all around us was mountainous and bleak, with occasional white patches of snow, which is probably the reason why this part of the world is considered to be nothing but a barren, rocky place, destitute of vegetation; but it is quite the contrary. Upon landing at New Island, we found it covered with trees and shrubs, and beautiful flowers,

lots of berries, such as bush cranberries, a beautiful shrub, black currants, and two or three species of barberry, with a most delicious berry, in flavour between a raspberry and strawberry. Here we found traces of inhabitants, but none were seen. A great many ducks were killed, and a pair of geese; the female, a beautiful snow-white bird, was shot first, and the male would not quit her, but suffered himself to be killed also. Civilized man carries—I was going to sermonize, but it won't do.

On the 27th we anchored off Hermites Island, where the vegetation is similar to the other places visited; the scurvy grass abounds all along the shore, and appears to be placed here for the benefit of poor Jack, who, by the way, does not like it very well—probably from its name.

On the 28th we sailed again in search of Orange Bay, (the charts of this part of the world not being very correct,) and anchored in a beautiful harbour, where we were visited by a family, in a canoe, consisting of two men, a woman with a baby, and a grown up boy. They were all stark naked, except the old man, who had a piece of seal skin on his back, and the woman, who had a skin to wrap herself and child up in; they carried a fire in the bottom of the canoe, the woman paddling and doing all the labour. The men came on board and were clothed, and a nice blanket was given to the woman, who instantly wrapped the baby up in it. It was raining, and rather cold; the child was really pretty, and after it had been wrapped up and got warm, popped its head out and looked up towards us, smiling; the men would not allow the woman to get out of the canoe, and wanted every thing for themselves. The captain took down some preserves for the child, but the woman began to cry, and pushed the canoe from alongside; after some persuasion, she tasted the preserves herself, and immediately devoured the whole, paper and all in which it was wrapped. These people were terribly frightened at a looking-glass, pushing it away from them and covering their faces with their hands. Indeed, it was piteous to see the horror or alarm they showed, as if it was something supernatural.

The next morning we went on shore, and found the hut of our Indian friends; the women and children had run away, and no doubt were hid in the woods, as dogs were barking at a short distance. The hut was in the form of a cone, made of sticks and covered with green weeds; in it we found fish hanging up to smoke, plenty of shell fish laid upon large green leaves; the blanket we had given them spread upon grass. The men offered us fish, and when I began to collect plants, they laughed and picked up grass and every thing that was at hand and poured upon me with a great deal of humour, supposing probably that I was going to eat the herbs! We saw some whales in this harbour, and found bones in some of the old abandoned huts. Their canoes are made of bark, sewed together with a species of sea-weed, and always have a fire in the bottom which is covered with clay.

In the afternoon we got under way, and arrived at Orange Bay early in the evening, having been obliged to seek it out by taking observations every day, and this day found we were ten or twelve miles south of it. Orange Bay is a very good harbour, large and commodious; plenty of wood and water, with abundance of ducks, geese, and fish.

After the ship was securely moored, a light-house was established on Burnt Island, to guide the rest of the squadron. It set in to rain, and continued with violent winds for eight days, so as not to allow any one to go on shore, except once to carry provisions for the party in charge of the light-house.

The two schooners arrived on the 16th February; and the Vincennes, Peacock, and Porpoise, on the 18th and 19th from Rio Negro. Captain Wilkes ordered our ship to prepare for sea immediately, to take all the scientific corps on board, and make a survey of Useless Harbour; examine Fort Famine, &c. entering the Straits of Magellan through Cockburn Channel, and return again to Orange Harbour. The two schooners, the *Peacock* and *Porpoise*, with Captain W., going south in search of the magnetic pole; the Vincennes to remain at Orange Bay. They all sailed on the 25th Feb., and we on the 26th, and had a succession of storms, with violent wind and rain, making very little progress towards

our destination. We saw great numbers of albatross, giant and stormy petrels; and although we did not go round Cape Horn, we experienced all the bad weather for which that part of the world is celebrated. Our ship rolled and pitched so that it was almost impossible to sit at the table; some days every plate on it would be broken, soup and meat thrown into our laps. At night we had to tie ourselves down in bed!

On the 4th of March we were farther from Cockburn Channel than when we left Orange Harbour on the 26th Feb. On the 13th March we were on the lee shore, in great danger, and a fire broke out in the apothecary's department! No damage was done.—The sun very seldom shone, and it rained nearly all the time. On the 18th, we had a very disagreeable day—real Cape Horn weather—rain and sleet. We came in sight of land, wind blowing very hard, and breakers all around us. The Towers rocks on one side of us looked really terrific, the sea breaking entirely over the smallest, completely covering it with a white envelope, the spray flying off and looking like a thick snow-storm. We were in a very dangerous position, but we however reached Cape Noir Island, lat. $54^{\circ} 15'$, lon. $74^{\circ} 20'$, and with three anchors down hoped to hold on. On the morning of the 19th, the wind blew harder yet, with occasional showers of snow and hail. Noir Island looked as if some vegetation might be growing on it, but there was no prospect of landing; the shore was lined with breakers, and the spray in flying off made a beautiful appearance, looking like smoke. In the evening, the wind increasing, another anchor was let go, making four anchors out, and 400 fathoms of chain cable, the four anchors weighing 11,700 lb.

The 20th was a dreary day, sleet and rain. In the night we parted two of our cables, and lost a bower and sheet anchor. The ship dragged a considerable distance, and we felt somewhat alarmed; but day dawned and found us safe. Nothing particular occurred during the next day. Towards night the wind began to blow afresh, and it was feared another cable was gone. Preparations were immediately made to get under way, and at 9 o'clock we lay rolling and tossing, ignorant of what would take place. Towards 12 o'clock the ship began to drag, almost right on to the breakers; indeed, nothing but horrible rocks, the water dashing and hissing over them, were to be seen in every direction; the water began to break over us also, and the ward-room, steerage, and berth deck were ankle deep. At last an order was given to slip the cables. A dead silence ensued for a few moments; then the sound of the axe cutting the stoppers, and a horrible clatter, grumbling and grating sound as the chains flew through the hawser-holes, and all was hushed. The poor ship seemed to be aware that she was to remain without an anchor, for she quivered and groaned, as the cables flew out, like a thing of life. In a short time we were clear of the breakers, and all was quiet; the ship became easy, and the men recovered their cheerfulness. We lost all our anchors, and had to give up Useless Bay! Port Famine!! Breakneck Passage!!! The Milk-way! and proceeded to Valparaiso to procure ground tackle. It was admitted by all hands, that we might go to sea for twenty years, and not be in such a dangerous situation again. Since then we have had pleasant weather, growing warmer every day.

April 14.—We have been now three days off Valparaiso, and have succeeded in getting anchors. We sent a boat in, but found no American men-of-war here. Two boats immediately came off from the British sloop of war *Fly*, with an anchor and offer of services, which was very kind and polite. Our Captain, however, declined the offer, until he heard from shore. Our boat returned to-day, having procured every thing necessary, principally from the English stores.

DIFFERENCE OF LONGITUDE BETWEEN GREENWICH AND NEW YORK.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

I have the satisfaction to inform you of a second instance of the successful transport of chronometers from London to New York, for the purpose of determining the longitude of these two cities. The first, as you will remember, took place in the months of July and August last, and the particulars appeared in your valuable report of the proceedings of the British Association—(see *Athenæum*, No. 321). In that abstract are given the details of the experiment, and of the

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method by which the longitude in question was determined, from the data obtained by the voyage,—to it I therefore beg leave to refer, instead of repeating them here. The result then obtained was compared with that given by M. Daussey, a distinguished French hydrographer, in the *Cronique des Temps*. The difference of these results was but 2.53 sec. This was satisfactory under the circumstances of a first attempt, made in the first trip across the Atlantic of the *British Queen*; still I felt the difference to be too great to be permitted to remain without an attempt to diminish it, or to ascertain which of the two was nearer the truth. On the very next voyage, therefore, of the same vessel, and under the same friendly auspices of Captain Roberts, and my friends in the United States, I sent a second set of four chronometers from London to New York. Their rates, scarcely were ascertained precisely as those of the first set, and the whole experiment conducted in the same manner. This voyage of the *British Queen* was made, out and home, in the last and present months. The result, I have the pleasure to announce, is this time, almost exactly the same as that of M. Daussey's; so near indeed, that I feel it to be a duty, and one of the most pleasing nature, to express thus publicly my great admiration of the accuracy of his statement:

By this second experiment the difference was . . . h. m. sec.
of Longitude between the Observatory at 4 56 0.24 West
Greenwich and the City Hall, New York, is . . .
According to M. Daussey it is . . . 4 56 0.72

Difference of the two Observations 0 0 0.48
The difference of the two observations does not therefore amount to half a second! For all the purposes of practical navigation it may be regarded as nothing.

This very minute variation in the estimates of the astronomical distance of two meridians so widely separated as those of London and New York, will be very gratifying to every lover of practical science both in France and England, the more so, when it is considered that these estimates were made independently of each other, "by different observers, in different years, and in vessels propelled by different agents." Perhaps it ought not to be omitted, that in both the English experiments the instruments were sent out unattended by any *savants*, and brought home their own report.

During the first voyage there had been observed in all the chronometers, a difference between the mean travelling rate and the mean stationary rate,* which had the remarkable character of being always on the same side, viz. the losing rates were always increased, and the gaining rates always diminished. The same curious fact again occurred in the second voyage. From this circumstance the longitude of New York was given by each chronometer scarcely enough to the westward in the outward-bound voyages, and rather too much so in the homeward ones.

The great rapidity and accuracy with which this important branch of nautical inquiry may be pursued over the whole surface of the globe, as the agency of steam shall be extended, is now, I think, demonstrated. The instances under consideration show that observations may be made connecting very distant countries, and their several results compared in a few weeks—a circumstance of great consequence,—for with the diminution of duration in a voyage, proceeds, in a higher degree, the diminution of all the chances and causes of error in chronometrical experiments at sea. Within the space of ninety-nine days, we have seen the *British Queen* carry chronometers four times across the Atlantic, and give ample time during each of her visits to New York for the necessary observations of rates, &c.

All objections founded on the idea that the motion of a steam vessel would affect injuriously the more delicate movement of the chronometer, and taint the results, must now fall to the ground. In the two voyages out and home of the *British Queen*, no derangement occurred, and the determination of the longitude of the far-distant ports she sailed between is, probably, settled for ever, within the fraction of a second of the truth.

84, Strand, 8th Nov. 1839.

I am, &c. ED. D. DENT.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, November 12.

If French literature has any claim to superiority over the literature of other countries, it is due to the philosophical works which have appeared within the last century. The eccentric thinkers of the Encyclopedia school were but the pioneers of scientific research in France. Like most reformers, they substituted prejudices of their own, for the prejudices which they assailed. But we have at length shaken off these new intellectual fetters, and are launching forth again on the boundless ocean of moral discovery. Several remarkable works have already signalized this revolution; among which I may mention the *Soirées de St. Petersburg*, of the Count de Maistre, and an essay by the same on the 'Philosophy of Bacon.' The school to which the Count de Maistre belongs, is termed the *theological school*, on account of its religious tendencies. The Abbé Delamennais, the Viscount de Bonald, Gerbet, Lacordaire, and Count de Montalembert are its leading members. But, however metaphysical we may have become of late, we are not wholly inattentive to practical questions. Many works have recently appeared bearing upon subjects that "come home" to us all. The most remarkable of these is a history of the twelve last years of the reign of Mehemet Ali,

by M. Jomard, followed by a statistical survey of Egypt, and a portion of Arabia. M. Jomard was one of the French *savants* whom Bonaparte took with him on his knight errand trip to Egypt. He has had therefore ample opportunities of exploring the country, and seems to have turned them to good account. Since then M. Jomard has been charged by Mehemet Ali with the direction of the young Arabs whom he sent over to France to be educated.

A new periodical, entitled *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes*, has just appeared. It is edited by some young men belonging to the institution whose name it bears. As there is no establishment in England, nor I believe in any other country, that bears the slightest analogy to this Institution, it may not be amiss to state briefly its nature and object.—"The Emperor," as we familiarly call the great soldier, who did more for our social improvement during his single adventurous reign, than the whole host of "grands monarques," whose bones repose in the catacombs of St. Denis—the Emperor first formed the project of having a number of young men specially educated to read the charters and manuscripts of the middle ages, which he knew to be the only true elements of national history; but the disasters of the Russian campaign, which occurred about the same period, absorbed all attention; and it was only in 1829, and under the government of Charles X., that the plan was carried into execution. Two professors were then appointed by Royal ordinance, to instruct a limited number of young men in the various dialects spoken in France prior to the 16th century, together with the diplomatic forms observed up to that epoch. This ordinance is the foundation of the *Ecole des Chartes*. Several changes and improvements have since been introduced, but without modifying materially the original design. At present the *Ecole des Chartes* numbers several distinguished writers among its members, and promises zealous successors to the Benedictines, to whose persevering efforts historians are so much indebted. The *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Chartes* is to appear once a fortnight. It will be exclusively devoted to historical investigations connected with the middle ages. The first number contains an interesting historical account of the school, and the successive modifications which it has undergone.—I may also mention here, that the Minister of War has commissioned one of the pupils to examine the archives of the various ports on the Mediterranean, for all documents that may throw light on the ancient commercial relations of France with Algiers and the Barbary States—a labour from which collateral results of interest may fairly be anticipated.

Talking of new publications, I must not forget to allude to an elaborate, and if report says true, an admirable historical essay on the 'American War,' by M. Guizot, of which several fragments have already appeared in the journals. This essay is to be prefixed to a French edition of Washington's works, now on the eve of publication. An English translation of M. Guizot's essay, revised by himself, is to be published in London, on the same day with the original. His Lectures, also, delivered in 1828-9 and 1830, from the chair of Sorbonne, on the History of European Civilization, and which attracted so much notice at the time, are about to be published.

This week has been an exciting time in the dramatic circles. Amongst the most stirring events may be mentioned, the brilliant success of a young Swedish danseuse, in the daring attempt to follow the footsteps of Taglioni in the ballet of the 'Sylphide,'—the courage that braved such a host of recollections, and the talent which triumphed over them, are deserving of all honour; but it must be shared with a *débutante* who made her appearance last night at the *Académie Royale*—an American girl from Passamaquoddy or Natchitoches, or some place a hundred miles beyond the reach of civilization. She is very young, and certainly a most surprising creature, uniting wonderful vigour with ease and perfect grace—altogether the thing is so strange, that people this morning seem quite wild about her. A new drama, by M. Frédéric Soulié, has also been favourably received at the *Théâtre de la Renaissance*. He holds a distinguished place amongst the modern writers of fiction, but is best known in England by his historical novel of 'Les Deux Cadavres.' His new drama, 'Le Proscrit,' is fashioned, after his

usual manner, out of incidents wild and improbable enough, in themselves, but affording materials for that contest of passions, which it is his forte to conduct with great success. Nothing can be more simple than the plot,—nor much more improbable than the situation upon which the entire interest of the piece is made to depend; but the skill with which he has treated the subject, seconded by the acting of Madame Dorval, ensured its success. The long expected drama, from the pen of George Sand, which was to have appeared at the *Théâtre Français*, is said to have proved *trop fort* for the dramatic censors, and to have been suppressed accordingly.

You will be glad to hear that the Minister of the Interior has assigned a pension of 1,800 francs (72*l.*), for the bringing-up of Nourrit's children, to cease only when the youngest of them shall have attained majority. I may mention, too, as proofs of the interest taken in matters connected with literature by a ministry continually recruited from its ranks, that in compliance with a decree of the Minister of Public Instruction, a bust, by David, of the late M. Lechevalier, formerly conservator of Sainte-Généviève, and well known to Europe by his exploration of the Homeric Sites, as described in his *Voyage en Troade*, has just been placed in the gallery of that library which for thirty years had the benefit of his surveillance. In conclusion I have only to add, that Victor Hugo has declined coming forward as a candidate for the vacant seat of M. Michaud, at the Academy; and Augustin Thierry, the author of the 'Conquest of England by the Normans,' is now mentioned.

Leipsic, Oct. 1839.

Your last Dresden correspondent wrote with sufficient length and clearness concerning the far-famed treasures of its Gallery.† When he was there, however, one of the modern works for which Germany is now deserving so high a reputation, could not have been commenced; I mean the decoration of a great hall in the palace with frescoes by Professor Bendemann. The work is not yet very far advanced, but the portion completed is sufficient to give an idea of the general design, and to evidence a height of aspiration and a masterly execution which speak well for the health and progress of a school of which the painter is so distinguished a member. A series of oblong compartments, bordering the upper portion of the hall, is to contain a suite of designs, emblematical of the destiny of the human race; beginning with the lost Paradise of Eden, before Death was, and to end with the Paradise regained of a blessed eternity, when "Death shall be swallowed up in Victory,"—the interval filled with progressive scenes of man's journey from the cradle to the grave. A few of these are executed: two, in particular, struck me as full of beautiful and natural poetry,—one was a dance of children, the other a nuptial group, which has all the graceful joyousness of a festival sculptured on a Grecian bas-relief, without its remoteness from our sympathies. Beneath this pictured frieze, it is Prof. Bendemann's intention to place a series of colossal figures of sages, lawgivers, &c. The cartoons for two of these—Solomon and Zoroaster—I saw; they are noble figures, most distinctly contrasted in character; the latter wearing an air of Magian grandeur in his solemn brow and august beard and sweeping drapery, which showed how fine a discrimination had, from study, ripened into design. I have no pretension to write of the painter's art in Germany, but I may notice the continuation of Count Raczynski's splendid work, a second volume of which has appeared,—a half volume only being wanting to complete it. The recently-published portion contains some very striking things; one, in particular, a vigorous and crowded design of a battle of the Huns, by Kaulbach,—the same whose 'Mad-house' has been seen in some of the London print-shops, and who is spoken of by the best of his contemporaries as the artist of greatest promise and performance in young Germany.

To return, however, to my own subject: it would seem as if the Dresden Opera was destined to furnish compensation to all the discontented searchers after the genuine German lyrical drama; for there I, too, heard 'Euryanthe' for the first time. The present theatre is little better than a barn; calling loudly to

† *Athenæum*, Nos. 579, 580.

* For the meaning of these terms, see *Athenæum*, No. 621.

be replaced by the splendid new structure, now all but finished, which towers beside it. Hence, there is only room for a small orchestra,—too small for the full rendering of the effects of the great opera. Moreover, though directed by Herr Reissiger,—whose agreeable compositions for the pianoforte with stringed instruments are well known in England—in good German style, that style is not absolutely first rate. Tempted to an extreme closeness of remark by the surpassing beauty of the music, and the knowledge that in this country the individual mind of each work is studied as well as its chords and combinations, I must say that in the performance of 'Euryanthe' I missed something of that chivalresque nobleness and elevation which lies in the composition. All the more delicate portions,—for example, the mysterious *intermezzo con sordini* in the overture, and the positively celestial symphony to Euryanthe's *entrata*—were given with the most consummate finish; but the *allegro* of the overture, the stately opening chorus of ladies and knights with its pompous minuet, above all, the *finale* to the second act,—Weber's masterpiece—had been read, I think, on too small a scale. As regards the opera itself, I cannot but believe that, in spite of the feebleness and confusion of its *libretto*, this is the work of Weber's which will live the longest, not only as containing the most human interest, but in right of its merits as a composition. I had for so many years heard of the extreme abstruseness of its music, that I almost fear the appearance of presumption in saying that I found little or no difficulty in comprehending it upon the stage, and absolutely no fatigue whatsoever. On the other hand, I was fascinated often by that wild sweetness of melody, in which Weber is unparagoned, and everywhere by that pregnancy of thought and passion which made it impossible for the composer to restrain himself within the old familiar forms of rhythm and sequence. The ear that listens for its favourite cadence or ritornel, at the end of a mathematically-apportioned number of bars, will, indeed, be confused and thrown out; but the mind that is able to give itself up to an enchantment, the spell of which is unfamiliar, will find itself led along through the mazes of the tale, without other obstacles than belong to the dramatist's, and not the musician's share of the work. Portions of the latter may, indeed, be somewhat drawn out,—as, for instance, the *adagio* given to Euryanthe in the third act; but then, again, it may have been necessary thus to express the intense weariness of utter and hopeless despair, in order to give, by contrast, its fullest effect to that delicious rapture of exultation into which the heroine bursts forth, when she finds that her fame and truth will be vindicated. This wonderful air,—perhaps the most impassioned adaptation of sound to emotion which exists in opera,—brings me naturally to speak of Madame Schröder Devrient, who took, of course, the part of Euryanthe. Her I found singing with a voice somewhat restored since she was last in London, and acting, as usual, with that natural pathos and energy, which, in her great scenes, makes her only inferior to Pasta. She was ably seconded by the best tenor,—the best male singer, too, I have heard in Germany,—Herr Tichatscheck; who, besides the good gift of an effective stage figure, possesses a full and musical voice, and a refined delivery. The parts of *Eglantine* and *Lydiart*, the mischief-makers of the tale,—fitted with music, how wonderful in its correspondence with their characters!—were satisfactorily filled by Madlle. Wüst and Herr Wächter. The Dresden chorus seemed a little more crude in tone than that of the Berlin Opera; but I never heard the latter taxed to execute such difficult music.

As it were, by way of foil, to show the value of an original work of genius, I had, a few days afterwards, at the second Leipzig Subscription Concert, an opportunity of hearing a specimen from a recent German opera, though not by a native composer. This was the overture, the second act, and *finale* of M. Cherubini's 'Der Hermannschlacht'—a composition in five acts, which has had its bepraisers, and which aspires to take place among the most dignified and elaborate works of its class. We English owe M. Cherubini so much for being the first to teach us how a theatrical orchestra ought to be conducted, and what admirable results might be produced by intelligent training of second-rate materials (for of such was his

band made up in London), that I regret not to be able to recommend my countrymen to extend their gratitude to him, on the score of this his last and longest work. It is true that spectacle and stage decoration might do something for it; but they could not give it melody, or rescue it from the character it bears, as the effort of a dwarf standing painfully on tip-toe, and waving wide his arms, in the hope of emulating the imposing and easy gestures of a giant. The second act consists of a scene between the hero and the shades of his ancestors, who encourage him to deliver his and their land from Roman domination. To give an Osianic effect at the appearing of these phantoms, (which, I presume, upon the stage, is aerial), the composer has set all the treble wind instruments fling and whistling in a manner so childish, that there was no resisting a laugh; while the kindling of the phantoms' hopes in the prowess of their descendant, was expressed by a tripping movement, so positively *Cosaque* in its character, as to suggest the idea of damsels in scarlet boots, gilt spurs, and fur caps, presenting themselves to delight a ballet public by the execution of a *pas de huit*. Another chorus of a more tranquil character was better,—because Haydn's, not Cherubini's. A third—a war song—was not very unlike, and little superior to the vulgar and flimsy 'Guerra, guerra!' of Bellini's 'Norma'; while the part of the hero had no distinctive character or melody to raise it above the mass of instruments by which it was constantly and ponderously accompanied. It was sung by Herr Pögnier, one of the Leipzig theatrical corps, in the common German style of bass-singing; that is, with those indescribable tones vibrating between a yawn and a growl, which,—with such exceptions as are made by Herr Pellegrini of Munich, and Herr Pück of Brunswick,—I have fancied are as indefeasibly national as the red umbrella which walks about so many German streets, and the huge seal-ring on the fore-finger, which sits at so many German tables *d'hôte*!

I cannot end these slight sketches of my "hearings" in the northern moiety of Germany, without adverting to one general feature, strongly marked and significant, as illustrating the differences between the musical estates of this country and our own. I have already adverted to the strange dearth of promise among its composers—to the individual mediocrity of its singers, implied by a generally favourable opinion of our own vocalists, for which I was not prepared. I have spoken of the counterbalance of this deficiency in the shape of consummate superintendence over, and diligence in, rehearsal. Moreover, I have mentioned the superior nature of the orchestras which grow about—common plants of the soil—in every town: nay, so plentiful are "pipe and wire" here, that I could mention London and provincial subscription performances, which, were they changed for the common coffee-house and Vauxhall concerts of Germany, it would lie beyond the power of beer, coffee, or ice, however nectareous, to make the loungers digest. But now comes the last and most convincing argument for John Bull—the cheapness of the pleasure. For a locked-up stall in the pit of the Opera of Berlin, Dresden, Brunswick,—any of which the instructed lover of conscientious musical performance, as distinguished from fine singing, would frequent with greater certainty of general enjoyment, than the pit of our own Opera-house, (to say nothing of the difference between ease and squeeze) he pays about twenty groschen—two shillings and a fraction:—for an entrance to one of the Subscription Concerts of Leipzig—without doubt among the best classical instrumental concerts in Europe—something less than the two shillings aforesaid! I need not point out that the enormous difference between these and English prices, bears no proportion to the several costs of bed and board in the two countries. But there is something yet more than the abundance of materials to account for the number and popularity of instrumental performances. Having already adverted to the love of music for its own, not fashion's sake, proved by the Berlin amateurs, I must add, that more or less it pervades every orchestra here, down to its most insignificant members. The very supernumerary cymbaleer,—admitted, to the discomfiture of classicists, because the music of M. —, or Herr —, has Babylonish as well as Christian instruments in its score,—wishes first to do his task well, and then to be paid for it. Do not our greatest

and most cultivated artists too often reverse these conditions? That we are improving in the nature of our ambition I well know; but I must insist, in conclusion, that till a much larger progress is attained in the diffusion of a sound and poetical feeling, with respect to the art itself, we shall never rival the eminent and equally-diffused instrumental excellence which has gratified me so much, as the salient feature in the music of Northern Germany. H.F.C.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We are glad to learn that at length some progress has been made in the survey of the coast of the United States of North America—a subject of great interest to all maritime nations. So far back as 1807, a law was passed, on the recommendation of Jefferson, authorizing the President to cause a survey to be taken of the coast of the United States, "in which shall be designated the islands and shoals, with the roads or places of anchorage, within twenty leagues of any part of the shores, and also the respective courses and distances between the principal capes and headlands, together with such other matter as he may deem proper for completing an accurate chart." Owing, however, to the external relations of the country at that period, the survey was, for a time, deferred; but, in 1811, Prof. Hassler embarked for England, to procure the necessary instruments, and have them prepared under his own direction. Unhappily, while thus engaged, war was proclaimed, and he was unable to return before the close of 1815. In 1816 Mr. Hassler entered zealously on his duties, and a base line was established in New Jersey, and several primary triangulations projected, and many completed: but Congress having neglected to provide the necessary funds, the good work again came to a standstill. In 1832, however, it was re-commenced with increased vigour, and some important results realized: amongst them the discovery of a new channel into the harbour of New York, of sufficient depth for the safe passage of vessels of the largest class. From the report of the Superintendent, it appears that the work is completed throughout that part of the coast and adjacent waters lying between the eastern extremity of Long Island Sound, to the neighbourhood of Long Branch, New Jersey; and the necessary triangulations to pursue the survey have extended southerly to Cape May, and northerly to Mount Carmel in Connecticut. We may also here advert to the sound policy which has induced the United States government to direct its attention to, and if possible to establish throughout the Union, a uniform standard of weight and measure: such standards have, we observe, been prepared by scientific officers appointed for the purpose, and forwarded to the respective custom-houses throughout the country.

There is, it appears, at this moment, in Paris, an assemblage of German historians of distinction, who intend passing the winter in that capital for the purpose of examining its libraries, in search of materials for important historical works. Among them is M. Pertz, one of the Directors of the Archives of the Kingdom of Hanover, and author of several works on German antiquities,—the Danish Doctor, G. Wertz, Professor in the University of Kiel, in the duchy of Holstein, and author of an elaborate work on the ancient monuments of Germany.—M. Stühr, Professor in the University of Berlin.—M. Ranke, Professor in the same University, and the author of the History of the Popes,—and M. Voegell, Professor at Zurich, one of the editors of the Chronicle of the Reformation. M. Pertz and M. Wertz are engaged on a History of several of the German states; M. Stühr on a Mythology and Archaeology of Egypt; and Messrs. Ranke and Voegell on a General History of the Reformation.

From a statement published at St. Petersburg, by the Minister of Public Instruction, it appears that there were imported into Russia, during the year 1838, 495,062 volumes, without reckoning maps, prints, or books of music; and that there were published during the same period at St. Petersburg, besides journals and other periodicals, 777 original works, and 116 translations.

The announcements for the season are coming forth, but not vigorously. Among the more important are:—An Account of the British Settlements in the Straits of Malacca, including Penang,

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 'Continental India, Travelling Sketches and Historical Recollections,' &c., by J. W. Massie :—
 'Travels in Koordistan, Mesopotamia,' &c., by J. Baillie Fraser :—
 'The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Extinction of Paganism in the Roman Empire,' by the Rev. H. Milman :—
 'Memoirs of the Court of England, during the Reign of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate,' by J. Henegge Jesse :—
 'The Life, Times, and Select Correspondence of Madame de Sévigné,' by Mrs. Gore :—
 'Woman and Her Master,' by Lady Morgan :—
 'The Letter Bag of the Great Western,' by the Author of 'Sam Slick' :—
 'Memoirs of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith,' by E. Howard :—
 'Scripture and Geography,' by the Rev. J. Pye Smith, D.D. :—
 'A History of the British Sponges and Corallines,' by Dr. Johnston :—
 'Visits to Remarkable Places,' by Mr. Howitt. Novels promise to be as abundant as ever :—
 'Cousin Geoffrey, the Old Bachelor,' by Mr. Hook :—
 'The Governess,' by Lady Blessington :—
 'One Fault,' by Mrs. Trollope :—
 'The Marine Officer,' by Sir Robert Steele ; and others, out of number, are announced as forthcoming.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

This Establishment will be CLOSED for the Season, on SATURDAY, the 23rd instant.—The Pictures now exhibiting present the CORONATION OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, in Westminster Abbey, and the INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE, at Florence, with all the effects of Light and Shade from Noon till Midnight. Both Paintings are by LE CHERVALIER BOUTON.—Open from Ten till Four.

ROYAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, ADELAIDE STREET, WEST STRAND.

The only Specimens of the Daguerriotype in England, executed by M. Daguerre himself, are to be seen at this Institution. Admittance, 1s. extra. The Steam Gun, Microscope, Electrical and Chemical Experiments, Polarization of Light, Model of the Iron Steam-boat, the Archimedes, with the Screw-propeller. Open Daily at Ten, A.M.—Admittance, 1s.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

IS OPEN to the Public every day, (except Sunday), from Nine till Morning until Dark.—Admittance 1s. each. Entrance near the Church at Rotherhithe, on the Surrey side of the river. The Tunnel is brilliantly lighted with gas, and is now completed to WITHIN 150 FEET FROM THE WHARF WALL AT RAPPING.

Company's Office, By order,
 Walbrook Buildings, Walbrook, J. CHARLIER,
 November, 1839. Clerk to the Company.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 11.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. F.R.S., Vice President, in the chair.

This being the first meeting for the season, a long list of donations to the library was announced, amounting to upwards of 170 books and 70 maps, including the twelve recently published sheets of the Carte Topographique of France, presented by the Dépôt de la Guerre, and the fourth volume of the *Flote Française*, by the Dépôt de la Marine, of France. Sixteen Members were proposed.

Extracts from the following papers were read :—

1. 'On the recent Establishment at Port Essington, on the North Coast of Australia,' by Capt. Sir Gordon Bremer.

Port Essington, 8th March, 1839.

On the 27th October, 1838, I reached this place, and, after due consideration, fixed on this spot for the settlement. Our operations commenced on the 3rd of November, and have proceeded with so much vigour that we have now a very admirable little town. The position is on a considerable piece of rising ground, midway on the western side of the inner harbour. The soil around is of the finest description ; and we have already four wells sunk, which afford abundance of water. A finer harbour is scarcely to be met with in the world. The *Alligator* and *Britomart* lie in 18 feet at the lowest water of spring-tides, within hail of an excellent pier, which extends 100 feet. On Point Record and Spear Point are wells where ships can water most expeditiously, while around our settlement are large ponds and many running streams all excellent. The rains have fallen but slightly this season, and our gardens in consequence have not made that progress I had hoped for ; nevertheless, the orange, lemon, banana, plantain, and cocoa-nut trees, are in beautiful order ; while the pumpkins, melons, &c. give ample promise. As regards climate, I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that it is as fine as any tropical one in the world. We have had very hard labour, and been constantly exposed

to the sun ; occasionally the thermometer in the shade has been 98° and 100° ; yet not one serious case of sickness has occurred. Some disposition to scurvy in two individuals had manifested itself, but by timely means it has been overcome. We have now a stock of cattle for a month, and I look for a further supply on the return of the schooner *Essington* from Timor. That vessel sailed in December last for the islands to the northward, for the purpose of opening a trade ; and on board her I sent Mr. G. W. Earl, whose interesting account of his voyage is amongst my other reports. He found a considerable Christian population, under the guidance of some intelligent Dutch missionaries, and has given me so much information, and caused such a desire on my part for more, that I purpose proceeding to Little Moa and Kissa in the *Britomart* about the end of this month. In concluding this brief despatch I feel that I am abundantly warranted in congratulating the British government on their having caused the occupation of this noble harbour, and on the acquisition to the country of a colony which must answer all the purposes contemplated by Her Majesty's government in its formation ; nor can I entertain a doubt but that, with the due encouragement it will receive from home, its admirable geographical position will excite attention, its capabilities for mercantile purposes be appreciated, and its soil, which evidently will produce the most valuable articles, be speedily and successfully cultivated.

The paper was illustrated by a chart of Port Essington by Capt. Owen Stanley, R.N., whence it appears that the site of the new town, VICTORIA, on the western side of the harbour, is on a peninsula, nearly seventy feet above the water, and about 4½ miles from the head of the bay. The centre of the town lies in 11° 20' 30" S., 132° 9' E. of Greenwich.

2. 'Notes on two Journeys from Baghdad to the Ruins of Al Hadhr, in Mesopotamia, in 1836 and 1837,' by John Ross, Esq. Surgeon to the British Residency at Baghdad.

After numerous failures for nearly two years, in endeavouring to get Bedwins to escort me to the ruins of Al Hadhr, I have at length succeeded in persuading Salâh-el-Mezeini, a well-known Ajeilî, to make the attempt. The ruins themselves, and the country round them, are looked upon by the Arabs with superstitious awe, as the haunts of evil spirits ; moreover, the roads to them are always infested by plundering parties of the Shammar and Aneizah, passing to and from forays ; so we determined to proceed with as few attendants and as little display as possible.

May 7, 1836.—Our preparations being completed, we left Baghdad by the Kâdhimîn gate, and kept a winding course, in a general direction N.W., on the west bank of the Tigris. At 8h. we had the Ishâkî close on our left ; it is an aqueduct of great antiquity, said to leave the Tigris near Tekrit : I kept along in its bed, and could distinctly trace every branch given off by it. In half an hour we came upon a large pool of water in its bed, from which were dug up, only last year, the remains of an ancient bridge, to build a house in Baghdad : the bridge was built of bricks, with cuneiform inscriptions, exactly similar to those of Babylon, and cemented with bitumen. We kept straight on for Sumeichah, while Salâh, with a vast deal of gravity, let us all know the parts we were severally and jointly to act during the rest of the journey. I was to be a Turk going from 'Ali Pâshâ to Reshid Pâshâ, and the Pâshâ of Mûsul, and to be styled the Aghâ ; my servant, having the most untravelling name of Nicholas, was henceforward to be called Ibrahim ; the rest would pass muster, Salâh being guide and protector of the party. Sumeichah is still a very considerable village, surrounded with gardens of dates, oranges, apples, pears, vines, &c. &c. ; the Dijeil canal runs through it, and the adjacent country is well cultivated. In the time of Dâûd Pâshâ, before the great plague, it had four times the present population.

Continuing to the N.W. we passed the tomb of an Imam, with a couple of date-trees near it. The country is now becoming very beautiful and green, being well watered by cuts from the Dijeil. The Fellâhs live in tents and are now cutting the corn ; in winter they retire to the villages. At 10h. we got to the bridge of Harbah, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of the Khalifas. It crosses the ancient

Dijeil, and consists of four large arches, with a smaller one between every two, in all seven ; it is built of very fine reddish-yellow bricks, and has on each side for its whole length a large and very perfect single line of a Cufic legend in high relief. Its length is 52 long paces, breadth 8½, with an expansion to 22 paces at each end. The parapet walls are so high, that a man on horseback cannot see over them. The ruins of Harbah, with the lofty broken shaft of a minaret, are close on the eastern side of the canal. The stream of the modern Dijeil only takes up one of the arches. At noon we crossed a large ancient canal, and continued in the bed of another (I think the Ishâkî), much worn down. I now kept scouring along to the left and right, looking with much anxiety for the Median wall, and shortly had the great pleasure of standing on the top of it. It is called the Châlû, or Sidd Nimrud, a solid straight single mound 25 long paces thick, with a bastion on its western face at every 55 paces, and on the same side it has a deep ditch 27 paces broad. The wall is here built of the small pebbles of the country, imbedded in cement of lime of great tenacity ; it is from 35 to 40 feet in height, and runs in a straight line N.N.E. and S.S.W., in the latter direction as far as the eye can trace it. The Bedwins tell me it goes in the same straight line to two mounds called Rameilah, on the Euphrates, some hours above Fêlâjah ; that it is in places far inland built of brick, and in some parts worn down level with the desert. They say that it was built by Nimrod to keep off the people of Nineveh. We soon reached the ruins of Istâbilât : they are of considerable extent, showing broken houses built of both burnt and sun-dried bricks, disposed in regular squares, with wide open streets crossing each other at right angles, the whole surrounded by a strong wall built of sun-dried bricks, with bastions and a fosse. Outside this appear several mounds in confusion, probably a suburb. This is one of the most perfect and regular of the ancient ruins I have yet seen, and well worthy of a proper examination, which my present flying visit does not allow me to make.

Passing through Tekrit and Kharneinah, a fine ruin of the age of the Khalifas, and over a plain swarming with antelopes, we reached the ruins of Kalah Sherkat. After a long delay here, waiting for our donkey with the barley, we concluded that they had given us the slip. Finding ourselves in this condition, Salâh called a council of war, and, after commenting very strongly upon the treachery of the Tekrits and the revenge he should have on his return, he told old Shi'âl the object of our coming, and said that, as Al Hadhr was only a day's journey off, it would be a disgrace to turn back, and proposed that, as the horses were good, and a chance of green grass inland, and that as we could see the ruins and return to Tekrit in five days, we should trust in God and go on. We unanimously agreed to his proposal, and, after the Arabs had repeated a short prayer aloud for safety and divine protection, we mounted and struck off N.W. ½ W., first over undulating ground, then along the bed of a brackish stream in a small valley called Wâdî-el-Meheih. At 9h. 30m. halted at a plot of fine green grass to give the horses a feed. Here I observed the Arabs were evidently not at ease ; each got on the top of a small knoll, and, lying flat on his face, kept scanning the horizon in all directions for upwards of an hour, looking for smoke or any signs of human beings being about. At noon we mounted ; at 2 p.m. we crossed a brackish rivulet called 'Ain-el-Thaleb ; the country now consists of long low undulating ridges, like the waves of the sea, and we can see nothing beyond the one we happen to be on. Between each undulation is a valley which in winter must have abundance of water. The Arabs are now gloomy and silent, looking suspiciously about ; their very features are changed, and, as I happen to have the best eyes of the party, they are constantly reminding me to make good use of them. At 4h. 15m. I saw ruins far distant W. by S., which the Arabs instantly pronounced to be Al Hadhr, and we changed our course straight for them. The distant ruins soon appeared with an awfully grand effect ; a thick black cloud, behind them, was darting out the most vivid flashes of lightning, and we could distinctly hear the peals of thunder. Old Salâh shook his head and said, "Sir, I do not like this, we should not have come here ; this ground belongs to Iblis." I confess I myself felt a sort of creeping sensation coming over

me. At 5h. 15m. having reached grass and water, and finding it impossible to arrive at the ruins to-night, we halted, and had barely time to fasten the cattle and huddle together, when there burst over us the most terrific storm I ever beheld; we were ankle deep in water in a few minutes, though on a slight declivity. The storm lasted for about four hours, and the water settled into the valley; yet in less than an hour afterwards, the Arabs, to my astonishment, contrived to light a fire, and boil a little coffee.

14th.—At 4h. 30m. A.M. mounted and made straight in the direction of the ruins. At 6h. 40m. got to the Tharthar, in a Wādī about 200 yards broad covered with grass. The Tharthar itself is here about 50 feet broad, deep, and the water just drinkable. We wandered up and down, but could find no ford; at last Salāh and I stripped to our shirts, and I tied my watch, compass, and note-book on my head, and, being sure of my horse, plunged in, followed by Salāh. The current was rapid, but a few strokes landed us in safety. We reached Al Hadhr at 8h. 10m. We had been about two hours among the ruins taking rough sketches, measurements, &c., and I was just proceeding to measure the diameter of the city walls, and to count the bastions, when I saw on a rising ground in the distant horizon to the north a horseman. I called Salāh, but he could not distinguish him; while pointing out the direction I saw another join the first. Salāh still doubted, saying it must be a wild hog or a bush, as no human being could be there, for if the Aneizah were out they must appear from the south, or if the Shammār, from the west. The appearance of a third, though still invisible to Salāh, settled the business. He said, with a hollow, changed voice, "We must be off. Allah! Allah! what brought us here?" and off we went, as hard as our horses could go, to join our people. I had just time in passing to observe that the general course of the Tharthar is S.E. and S. by E. On getting to our people we instantly saddled, and at 10h. 40m. we were on our return, flying by the same route which brought us. I told Salāh to be more calm—we were five, the enemy only three: "Oh, Sir, where you see dogs you will find fleas." At 11h. we heard the horrible war-howl of Arabs behind us. Salāh called out to us to stand fast together while he went to meet them. If they are Shammār we shall be plundered, but if Aneizah my party may get off, but the Bedwins must fall. I ordered my people to be cool, and not on any account to fire unless I ordered. We were in a hollow, and our speeches were cut short by the appearance of about a hundred horsemen coming over the low ridge behind us at full gallop, and about the same number on our flank. The sight, though far from pleasant, was very grand; the wild disorder, loose flying robes of every colour, spears with round tufts of ostrich feathers; the howling and yelling had a most romantic effect. When within about 150 yards my camel-man called out that they were Shammār (he himself was of that tribe) and told us not to attempt resistance. In another instant they were upon us, and I found myself alone, separated from my people, whose horses had started, perfectly jammed up by the Arabs, and their spears within a few inches of every part of my body. One called to me to dismount and throw down my gun. I asked, "And if I do?" he answered, "Safety; fear not." I uncocked my gun, and laid it across the saddle; they at the same time shouldered their spears. One seized me by the clothes, and, my horse having kicked out at his, the part gave way; another then seized my gun, and pulled me off, and in the fall the gun remained with him. My old horse appeared to take the matter up, and by kicking and fighting cleared an open space; in the mean time, Salāh had been undergoing the same treatment, but, getting a hearing, said he was an Ajel and a Shammār. The chief asked what he did here? Salāh said, "By Allah, we were going from 'Alī Pīshā to Mohammed Pīshā of Mōsul, and that I was an Albanian." The chief answered, "Oh, Bedwin, do not lie; first, this is not the road; and, secondly, your backs are to Mōsul, and your faces to Baghdad." All called out, "They are from Reshīd Pīshā; cut the dogs' heads off." A second scramble took place, our camel was made to kneel, and the baggage thrown off; I was knocked down, and in an instant was nearly naked, when an old man (for they were still galloping up by dozens) pushed them all aside with an air of authority, calling

out in a thundering voice, "Avast [awāsh], that is no Turk, that is the Bāliyōz [consul]; I saw him two years ago in Sheikh Zebaid's tent, let no one touch him, I protect him." An immediate calm ensued, when Salāh, now nearly naked, advanced, and said, "Now that you know us, I shall tell you the truth; that is the Bāliyōz; we came here to see Al Hadhr, and we are now going back." Everything was now set right, an order was given to restore everything taken, even to a hair, if one had fallen from our heads, and duly obeyed. We sat on the ground good friends. Their chief told us we had done a very foolish thing in coming here without their knowledge, as it was dangerous ground; they never see any one here except themselves or their enemies, and for the latter they had taken us. He then said in the most beautiful Arabic style, "If we had in the hurry killed you all, what answer could we give your friends, or what satisfaction could they expect? When we find strange people here, it is not the time to ask who they are, or whence they have come; Allah has saved you." He then told us that all was in confusion, that Reshīd Pīshā had in a most treacherous manner seized their sheikh, Sufūk, while a guest in the Turkish camp on the most solemn pledge of safety, and had sent him prisoner to Constantinople, consequently the Shammār had all rebelled and come to the desert. They then invited us to their camp, and I was inclined to go, but Salāh whispered to me that we must get off as soon as possible, for as soon as the seizure of Sufūk was known there would be a great outbreak in Mesopotamia.

Description of Al Hadhr.—The ruins of Al Hadhr occupy a space of ground upwards of a mile in diameter, inclosed by a circular, or nearly circular wall, of immense thickness, with square bastions or towers at about every 60 paces, built of large square cut stones. The upper portions of the curtains have in most places been thrown down, as have been also some of the bastions, but most of the latter may still be said to be in very fair preservation, each having towards the city vaulted chambers. Outside the wall is a broad and very deep ditch, now dry, and 100 or 150 paces beyond it is a thick rampart, now only a few feet high, going round the town; and at some distance beyond the fortifications stand two high mounds with square towers upon them, one on the eastern side, the other on the north. In nearly the exact centre of the town stands the grand object of curiosity, whether temple or palace I shall not pretend to say, inclosed by a strong, thick, square wall (partly demolished), with bastions similar to those of the city wall, fronting the four cardinal points, each face measuring 300 long paces inside. The square is in its centre intersected from north to south by a range of buildings greatly damaged, a confused mass of chambers, gateways, and one built pillar reduced to about 30 feet. Between this range and the eastern wall appears to have been a clear space. The principal buildings occupy the western side, and consist of a huge pile fronting the east, and part of a wing fronting the north. The ground-story only remains perfect, and consists of a range of vaulted halls of two sizes. The whole city is built of a brownish-grey limestone, so closely fitted that if cement has been used, it cannot be seen, and almost every stone in the great pile has cut upon it one or more letters or marks, seemingly the builder's number, as they are seen in the midst of broken walls, where they could not have been exposed when the structure was perfect.

During both visits to these ruins I endeavoured, by looking into every hole and corner, to discover the statues, said by the Arabs to be there, but could find none. The last time, I brought from the camp a Bedwin who was to point out the statue of the woman milking the cow, so much spoken of by them, but he took me direct to one of the monsters in No. 7. I now much doubt the existence of any statue at all, at least above ground.

3. Note upon a newly-discovered River in the Southern Island of New Zealand, by T. H. Nation, Esq.—On the 1st September, 1838, H.M.S. *Pelorus* entered a river falling into Cook's straits on the north side of the island of Tawai Poënamū, and sailed up it in a southerly direction for about forty miles, the ship's launch, or large boat, thence continued ascending for about twenty miles farther, when, owing to the freshes from the mountains, banks of gravel prevented her proceeding without difficulty. The river is described

as a fine stream, the banks covered with ilex and magnificent tree-ferns, the hills clothed with forests of the Cowdie pine: large tracts of alluvial land spread around, and in the distance the mountains rose to at least 2,000 feet above the sea. The position of the ship's anchorage in the river was $41^{\circ} 16' S.$, $173^{\circ} 50' E.$ Its outlet is on the shores of a bay partially examined by Captain Dumont d'Urville in the *Astrolabe* in 1823; the Admiralty Bay of Cook.

4. Discoveries in the Antarctic Ocean in February 1839, from the Logbook of the *Eliza Scott*.

In July, 1838, two small vessels belonging to the Messrs. Enderby and other merchants, sailed from London on a voyage to the South Seas, with special instructions to push as far as possible to the southward in search of land. Touching at Amsterdam Island, Chalky Bay, in New Zealand, and Campbell's Island, the vessels proceeded to the southward and reached their extreme south latitude 69° in $172^{\circ} 11'$ East long., full 220 miles farther to the southward than the point which Bellingshausen, in 1820, had been able to reach in this meridian. Continuing to the westward, on Feb. 9th, in lat. $66^{\circ} 44'$ long. $163^{\circ} 11'$ East, they discovered five islands, since named the Balleny islands, from the name of the master of the *Eliza Scott*; one of them was estimated at the height of 12,000 feet above the level of the sea; on another island two volcanoes emitted smoke. Continuing their voyage to the westward, the vessels were beset by icebergs; they saw numerous whales, penguins and other sea birds, and occasionally had a magnificent display of the aurora australis. In lat. $61^{\circ} S.$, long. $103^{\circ} 40' E.$ they passed within a quarter of a mile of an iceberg, 250 feet high, bearing a fragment of rock, and continuing their course to the northward they reached England on the 17th Sept. just in time to supply another Antarctic Expedition then on the eve of its departure from England, with the information they had been able to obtain of a newly discovered group of islands, lying on the western verge of the circle within which there seems to be every probability that our gallant countryman, Captain James Ross, may find the southern magnetic pole.

5. Note on the Rock seen on an Iceberg in 61° South lat., by C. Darwin, Esq.

In this paper the author has collected together all the facts relative to this fragment of rock seen on an iceberg, and points out the value of such an evidence of the transporting power of ice. The part of the rock visible was estimated by Mr. McNabb, mate of the vessel, who made a sketch of it at the time, at 12 feet in height, and from 5 to 6 feet in width, the remainder was buried in the ice. The iceberg was distant 1400 miles from the nearest certainly known land, but it is highly probable that land may exist not above 300 miles immediately to the southward. "If then," concludes Mr. Darwin, "but one iceberg in a thousand or in ten thousand, transports its fragment, the bottom of the Antarctic sea and the shores of its islands must already be scattered with masses of foreign rock, the counterpart of the erratic boulders of the northern hemisphere."

Among the illustrations to the above papers was a chart of the South Polar Sea, just published at the Hydrographic Office of the Admiralty, and a trigonometrical survey of the river Tigris from Ctesiphon to Mōsul, by Lieutenant Lynch, Indian Navy, communicated by Sir John Hobhouse, President of the India Board.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, 2 P.M.
	Asiatic Society	Two.
MON.	Royal Academy (<i>Anat. Lect.</i>)	Eight.
	Statistical Society	Eight.
TUES.	Linnean Society	Eight.
	Architectural Society	Eight.
WED.	Geological Society	8 P.M.
	Society of Arts	7 P.M.
THUR.	Royal Society	8 P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.—Stepping from her chimney corner the new *Cinderella* has at once walked into the good graces of the town, captivating it no less by her *naïve* manner than her vocal powers. Miss Delcy—a needless abbreviation of De Lacy, which is the real name of her father and master, Mr. Rophino Lacy—is young and pretty, and possesses a sweet mezzo-soprano voice, of considerable power and compass,

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which has been well cultivated. Great credit is due both to her teacher, for the judicious care and pains bestowed upon her musical education, and to herself for the diligent use she has made of this training. The docile pupil appears, perhaps, too evidently in her execution, especially of the *tours de force*, no less than in her acting; and complete as her success has been, we wish that her *début* had been delayed till her powers had attained more maturity, and she had acquired the finished skill and entire command of them, which are required to banish all associations of the singing-lesson from the achievement of such musical difficulties as the finale of 'Cenerentola.' As it is, however, we welcome the advent of so well-taught a vocalist on the English stage; to which Miss Delcy (if we must call her so) promises to be a lasting ornament; she has already turned the fortunes of Drury, and the heads of half the town. The young lady has none of the bashful timidity or nervousness of a young *débütante* to contend against—we saw her on the second night—and she was then so self-possessed, as not only to execute the music with neatness and deliberation, but to enact the part with a quiet ease and modest grace that well became the homely weeds of Cinderella: indeed, she seemed completely at home on the stage; so much so, that she instinctively exerted the feminine tact, peculiar, we had supposed, to experienced actresses, of propitiating the favour of the audience by winning looks, and an almost perpetual smile. It remains to be seen whether Miss Delcy will develop the highest quality of the vocal art, the result of intellect and sensibility combined—we mean expression: of this crowning excellence we as yet perceive no signs. Some defects also she would do well to guard against, such as a tendency to guttural and dental tones in some notes of her voice when forced, and a habit of bringing out its full power in parts where it is naturally stronger, instead of subduing it to the general scale. 'Of the rest of the vocalists we had rather say nothing. The scenery is beautiful, and the transformations are well managed.

At COVENT GARDEN 'Love' is the rage, and the 'Ben-Captain' has made the Haymarket stage his quarter-deck.

MISCELLANEA

Geology of the Moon.—Capt. Portlock, President of the Geological Society of Dublin, being of opinion that information as to the original condition of the surface of the earth might be obtained by an inquiry into the condition of some other planetary body, wrote to Dr. Robinson, of Armagh, on the subject; the following is the Doctor's interesting reply:—

"Feb. 7, 1839. Observatory, Armagh.
"My dear Sir,—My general notion is that you are quite right in referring to the moon as evidence of the absence of *weathering*. The sharpness of its rocks and peaks is quite surprising; for every angle and edge stick out with a ruggedness that is, perhaps, the thing which first strikes an observer with a sense of the wide difference between that globe and the earth. It alone would show that air and water are absent, had we no other evidence. But you are, I think, in error, when you infer from the great height of lunar mountains, the probable quantity of the wearing down which our earthly peaks have suffered. The moon has less attractive force than belongs to our planet, so that the same elevating force would do about twenty times as much work; and there is every reason to believe that the elevating forces were far more energetic. Indeed, I regard the appearance of the moon as strong presumption against Mr. Lyell's notion, that the energy of volcanic action is as powerful now as it was in the primeval epochs of our planet. No volcanic action is now at work in the moon; but we see that it was once raging with uncontrollable fury, and on the most prodigious scale. There it has actually worn itself out; here, I think, we may assume that it has merely expended most of its force. I may here tell you some of the matter which I see, or think I see, on the surface of our satellite. The mountains of earthly shape are some pretty high, the highest peak of the said Apennines being, according to the best authority, something under 17,000 feet above the plains from which it rises; but this is a rare instance, and very few reach 6,000. They are

of astonishing steepness. But the Ring mountains, or craters, are much stranger affairs. Take, for instance, Tycho, that bright spot in the south-east quarter, from which the rays seem to run. It is fifty miles in diameter, and 16,000 feet deep, surrounded by broad terraces within, and with a central mountain about 5,000 feet high.



This is a type of the principal part of the lunar mountains; some are 200 miles diameter, and one nearly of this latter size, 22,000 feet deep. What a paradoxism it must have been that hollowed out this monstrous crater! Observe that all these craters are depressed below the lunar surface, the elevation of their walls above it being in general but half their depth below it; and the question is, what became of the immense quantity of materials that must have been blown out of them. Schroeter thought that the walls, if demolished, would fill the cavities; but this (in Tycho, for instance) is certainly not always the case, and we do not recognize heaps of debris in the vicinity. But we do find a curious appearance sometimes,—those rays to which I have already alluded as diverging from particular craters. They are peculiarly bright, but not at all elevated above the lunar surface, and give the idea of a fluid which had run out in currents, and produced some chemical change in the soil over which it passed. As these rays are themselves bristled with craters, these latter must have been of subsequent formation. The long lines terminating in those dusky places, which we sometimes hear called seas, have perchance been rivers; but as they generally seem to originate in some crater, they were more probably the track of volcanic fluids, which, however, must have been quite different from our lavas, and, perhaps, have played some part in the absorption of the lunar atmosphere, and the removal of its seas. In general the large craters are far more brilliant than the other parts of the moon, and the comparative obscurity of the seas arises from the scarcity of volcanic action there. On earth, I believe, our present volcanic products are but little reflective; it is otherwise there; but it may be remarked, that the small craters, which subsequently broke out on the greater and older ones, are much less bright, as if the expiring action had been more analogous to that of our own planet. But this at least is clear, that since the invention of the telescope the moon has been undisturbed. But I must stop by assuring you that I am yours sincerely,

"T. R. ROBINSON."

Marine Steam Engine Boilers.—M. Cousté proposes to adapt an apparatus to the boilers of marine engines, supplied with salt water, by which the crystals of common salt are removed as fast as they are deposited on the heated surfaces of the inside of the boiler; and he hopes by his invention to avoid the loss of heat, which is occasioned by the process at present employed for getting rid of the salt, in blowing off a quantity of the hot saturated solution at stated intervals.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are compelled, once again, to claim a moment's attention on a subject in some degree personal. It appears that a Mr. J. R. Smith was pleased, last week, to display his conjectural blunderings in our advertising columns, by speculating on the "sayings and doings" of certain persons whom he supposes to be in connexion with this Journal. Now had we been alone concerned, we should have allowed his folly to pass without comment; we are accustomed to see gentlemen named as contributors to, and editors of, the *Athenæum*, many of whom never wrote a single line in the paper, or ever exercised the slightest control over its opinions; but when such announcements appear in the *Athenæum* itself, our silence might naturally be mistaken for assent. In the advertisement to which we refer, of 'Percy's Reliques,' this Mr. Smith directs the reader for a character of the work to "Barry Cornwall's remarks, in an article on English Poetry [the Recognition of our National Poetry] in the *Athenæum* of last week." It is said somewhere, that "next to truth, a good round confident assertion does well." It must, then, be admitted that Mr. Smith "does well" as an advertiser, for assuredly here is "a good round confident assertion," and not true—Barry Cornwall did not write the article referred to.

A Member—E.—A.—received.—To R. Why are we "bound in justice" to insert his comments? let him reply to the advertisement by advertisement.—We are obliged to J. U., but need not trouble him: he will find what he requires at the Post Office.

THE WESTMINSTER AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION,

At the WESTMINSTER FIRE OFFICE,
No. 27, King-street, Covent-garden.
Advantages offered by this Association:
Four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the total profits, are divided among the Assured, at intervals of 5 years only.
The Profits respectively allotted may be received by the Assured in present money, or by reduction of the Annual Premium, or by adding to the Policy an equivalent reversionary sum.
All Persons Assured on their own lives for 1,000l. or upwards, have the right (after two Annual payments) of attending and voting at all General Meetings.
The Premiums for all ages under 50 are lower than those adopted by a large number of Offices, but are such as to afford ample Security to the Assured. W. M. BROWNE, Actuary.

ROYAL NAVAL, MILITARY, AND EAST INDIA COMPANY LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Under the gracious Patronage of the Queen.
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